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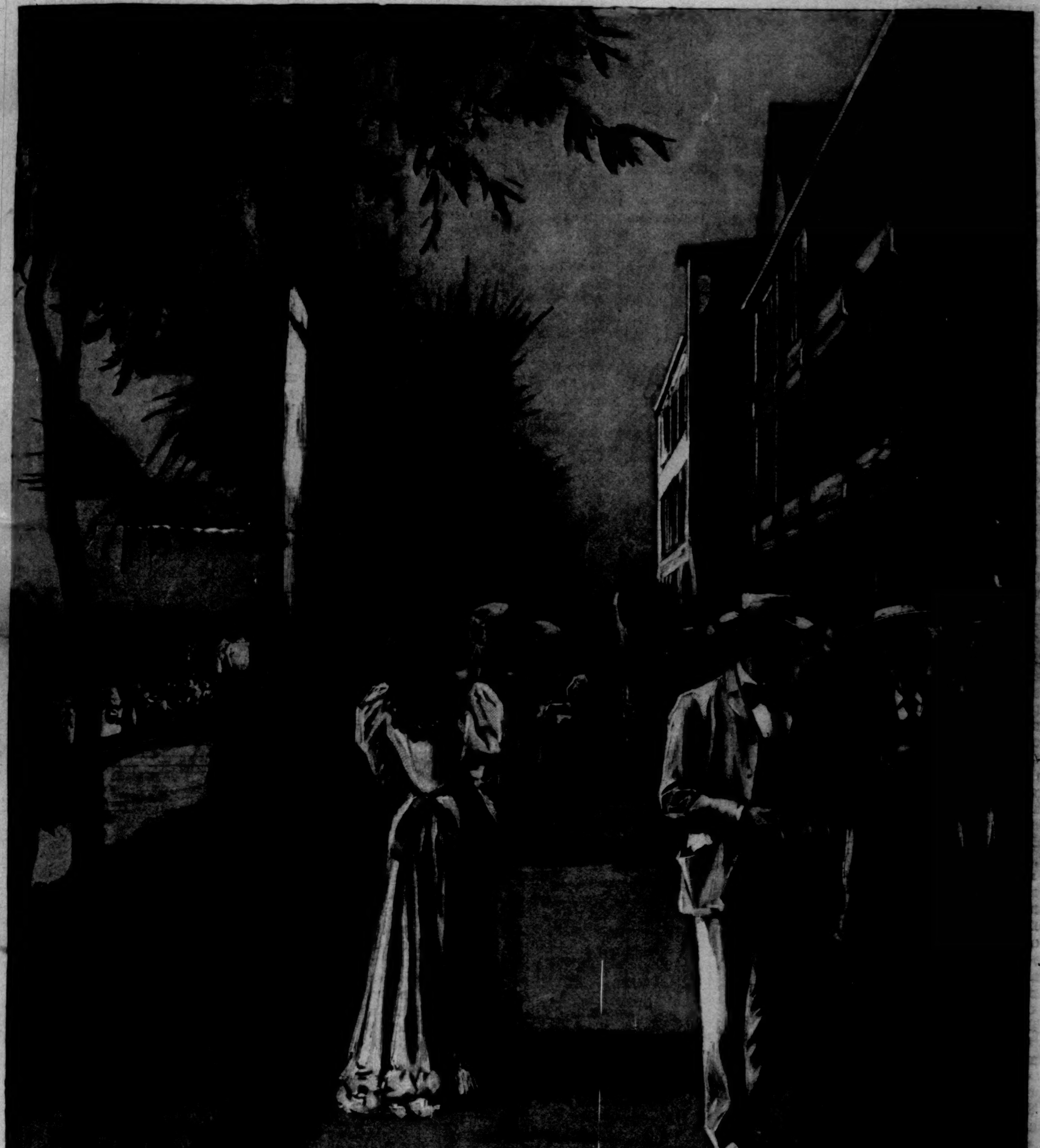

CORONADO BEACH, CALIFORNIA.—DRAWN BY CHARLES MENTE.—[SEE PAGE 342.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE "MUGWUMP."

At a recent mass-meeting of Republicans who have set out to reform the organization of their party, especially in the city of New York, Mr. Joseph H. Choate, in his peculiar tone of sportive seriousness, is reported to have said: "I want to say a word about the independents. They are great characters in modern times. The 'mugwumps' are strange creatures. They are all of them the very best of men. They stand high in their own estimation. But they know a good thing when they see it. Their eyes are fixed on us. We acknowledge that they hold the balance of power. They are powerful for evil as well as for good. Let us make no mistake about them. I don't suppose any one claims that the 100,000 and odd plurality for Bartlett were Republican votes. Nor can any one claim that the 1200 votes by which Cleveland carried this State in 1884 were all Democratic votes. Nor was the bare plurality of 382,000 by which he carried the last Presidential election all Democratic votes. They were votes of independents; and, oh! how they long for the morrow when they can cast their votes with us!"

Mr. Choate evidently holds the power as well as the character of the mugwumps in high respect; but he speaks the language of the partisan when he says that they are "strange creatures." Their rule of action as to matters of public interest is very simple. They look upon the public good as of infinitely greater importance than political parties. They regard political parties only as instruments for promoting or accomplishing that which is to serve the public good. And they support this or that political party as they think at the time that this or that important object of public interest can be best promoted or accomplished by it. In following this line of conduct they may commit errors of judgment, and expose themselves to disappointments. Their rule of action may also be very unsatisfactory to both political parties, and excite their astonishment and wrath in turn. But there is absolutely nothing "strange" about it.

Mr. Choate quoted three instances in which the mugwumps showed their power. One was the Presidential election of 1884. Most of the mugwumps had belonged to the Republican party. They turned against that party when its national convention had nominated Mr. Blaine for the Presidency. They considered it their duty to oppose Mr. Blaine, because they thought that the election of a man with such a public record to the highest place of honor and power in the republic would have a fatally demoralizing effect upon our political development. They supported Mr. Cleveland in 1892 because the Republicans had gone to the extreme of the protective policy, the Harrison administration had proved false to the most emphatic and solemn pledges of the Republican party in favor of civil service reform, and the election of Mr. Cleveland seemed to give assurance of a reform of the tariff and a better management of the civil service. They opposed the election of the Democratic candidate, Mr. Maynard, for a seat in the Court of Appeals in this State, because he was a law-breaker. They had, aside from the cases cited by Mr. Choate, in 1886 supported the Republican Davenport against the Democratic Hill for the Governorship of New York, and in our municipal struggles they stood against Tammany every time.

Thus we saw them now supporting Democratic, now Republican, now non-partisan candidates; but the cause they fought for was in substance always the same, only they fought for it with different weapons; and the enemy they fought against was always the same, only they found him at different times on different sides. They would "change front, but they never changed their ground." The fanatical partisan will call them deserters, apostates, turncoats, because after having supported a party in what was right, they refused to support it in what was wrong. But unprejudiced men will find in such conduct a moral consistency which the thick-and-thin party man is very far from possessing. It is fidelity to a cause, as against mere fidelity to an organization.

The independents here described do not underestimate the importance and value of political parties under a government like ours. They do not deny that under normal circumstances the citizen can exercise his political influence most effectually when belonging to a party organization, and acting as a member of it. But they think also that when the same parties are pursuing some objects that are good and others that are decidedly bad, or when parties are divided within themselves as to the most important public questions, or when they have become demoralized and fallen under the control of self-seeking and corrupt leaders or cliques, or when the machines ruling the different organizations play into one another's hands in their hunt for spoils and plunder, it is decidedly in the interest of the public good that there should be an independent force standing between the political parties, inaccessible to mere partisan influence, and strong enough and always ready to administer punishment to either side whenever such punishment is needed, or to encourage and bring into effective activity such good tendencies as on either side may be developed.

Mr. Choate thinks that the mugwumps "long for the morrow when they can cast their votes with us"—meaning the Republicans. In one sense this is true. The mugwumps long for the day when the Republican party will have cast out all the evil influences which have now and then grievously led it astray; when it will have subdued the spoils politicians now potent in its management; when it will have thrown off the yoke of the moneyed interests which dictate its tariff policy; when it will have redeemed all its civil service reform pledges—and when it will thus deserve the mugwump vote. But it may be said with equal truth that the mugwumps long for the day when the Democratic party will have gone through a similar process of purification, and thus in its way deserve the mugwump vote too. In fact, the mugwumps long for the day when the two parties will honestly divide upon certain lines of policy; when their leaders will be leaders of opinion, and no longer mere machine bosses or captains of hungry mercenaries; when spoils will no longer be the object of their struggles or their motive power; and when the mugwumps, ceasing to be such, may, following their individual predilections, become party men on either side without reserve or misgiving.

Meanwhile we record with pleasure the promise made by Mr. Choate for his wing of the Republican party that there shall be "no more bosses" and "no trading with Tammany Hall." Mr. Choate was no doubt perfectly sincere in uttering this pledge. But there is great need of missionary work to bring about so happy a consummation. Mr. Choate will admit that had the Republicans supported as vigorously as the mugwumps did their own candidate for Governor, Mr. Davenport, in 1886, and for Mayor of New York Mr. Hewitt in 1888 and Mr. Scott in 1890, Mr. Hill would not have become a political power in this State, and Tammany Hall would have been defeated twice. The Republicans have evidently something to learn from the mugwumps as to genuine loyalty to the cause of good government.

DISCORD, NOT HARMONY, DESIRABLE.

One of the evils of the situation in the Democratic party is the existence of an unwholesome desire for harmony. All the disordered political imaginations of the generation have been steadily drifting towards the party, while the leaders have been trying their best to make the discordant elements welcome and comfortable under the same roof. The task has been impossible, and has so completely paralyzed the party that it has accomplished next to nothing for the public welfare, while discord and disunion have grown with its apparent prosperity at the polls. It ought to be explained that no credit is due to the Democratic party for the repeal of the Sherman law, which is the one good result for which some people are inclined to give it credit. The repeal bill was nearly wrecked by Democratic inefficiency, treachery, and ignorance in the Senate. It was Mr. Cleveland's courage, patriotic obstinacy, and wisdom that forced that measure through the reluctant Senate, and at the same time strengthened the hostility between the President and the leaders of his party in Congress.

While the Bland seigniorage bill was awaiting Mr. Cleveland's action, and the country was filled with speculation as to his probable course, there occurred an admirable illustration of the truth of what we have already said as to the disposition of Democrats to reconcile persons who hold hostile opinions, who differ on public questions irreconcilably. The pressure on the President, as was stated over and over again in the Washington despatches to the daily press, was enormous. It was not, however, the pleas and demands of the frank and outspoken "friends of silver" that disturbed Mr. Cleveland; it was the advice of men who agreed with the President's own financial views and policy. Congressmen who had voted to repeal the Sherman law begged him to sign the seigniorage bill because his veto of it would convince their constituents that they had been tricked into helping Mr. Cleveland last fall, and would consequently prevent their renomination or re-election. Other Congressmen who had voted against the seigniorage bill, and who represented sound-money constituencies, advised him to sign the bill. They had kept their records clean, but they urged him to soil his in order that party "harmony" might be promoted, and that the silver men and Populists of the South and West might be conciliated.

This kind of harmony has been fatal to Democratic energy and Democratic honesty. Aside from opposition to Federal interference at elections, if the Democratic party has stood for anything during the last twenty years it is the reduction of tariff taxes. Twenty years ago, too, under the lead of Mr. Bayard, Mr. Hewitt, and Mr. Tilden, it stood for sound money. But Mr. Randall was a member of the House of Representatives from Pennsylvania, and Mr. Thurman was a Senator from Ohio. Mr. Randall was a protectionist and a natural leader of men. Mr. Thurman stood deservedly high in the councils of the party, for he was a distinguished jurist, a sound thinker on constitutional questions, an honest legislator, and a noble public character. But he was the nephew of William Allen, who was defeated by Rutherford B. Hayes for Governor of Ohio because he had espoused what was then known as the cause of "soft money." Mr. Thurman also adopted the greenback heresy, and wild or unsound financial views came to be known under the generic title of the "Ohio idea." The Democratic party undertook to keep itself in touch with protectionism in Pennsylvania and with unsafe currency ideas in Ohio. The consequences were disastrous. It ceased to be a hard-money party, and instead it became the Mecca to which all the fantastic socialistic theories of the country were attracted. Mr. Randall stood successfully in the way of tariff reform, and overthrew two measures in a Democratic House of Representatives. The more harmonizing and placating the Democratic party indulged in the less it signified to honest and sincere men who were opposed to the economic principles of the Republican party.

A political party, like an individual, does not stand still. It goes either up or down. It becomes better or more degraded. The efforts to please Mr. Thurman and Mr. Randall were respectable compared with the efforts to conciliate the Populists, the Farmers' Alliance, the ragtag and bobtail of Southern and Western socialism, unsound-money Democrats, and all the elements that would have been gratified if the President had turned his back on his principles and his professions and had signed the seigniorage bill.

If the Congressmen who begged Mr. Cleveland to save their seats by permitting that measure to become a law are refused a re-election, their defeat will be wrought by the prevalence of free coinage or fiat-money sentiment in their districts. The people whom Mr. Cleveland's unwise advisers desired to conciliate are the dangerous elements who first drifted to the too hospitable Democratic party, and are now drifting away from it because it was lucky enough to find such a Presidential candidate as Mr. Cleveland. These people represent every phase of political lunacy and superstition from fiat money to government partnership in agriculture. They are the allies who have made the Democratic party disreputable, and who will be mainly responsible for its now promised defeat at the coming Congressional elections.

It is not harmony with these people that the Democratic party needs, but open and declared war. If it is to be the party of the future—if it is to continue to be the party that represents economic reform—if it is not to be deserted by its best men, by the men who made Mr. Cleveland's election possible, and who have won its victories in Northern Congressional districts, it needs discord and disunion. It must drive out of its councils the men who delayed the passage of the Sherman bill; the men who are now delaying and threatening the tariff bill; the men who would bring disaster and ruin on our trade and commerce by cheap money, and on our farmers and working-men by specious communistic devices. If Democrats in Congress represent Populist constituencies, it is better for the welfare of the country and of the Democratic party that acknowledged Populists should take their places. As long as the Democratic party makes concessions to these people, so long will they gain enough to keep their organization in existence. When they come into Congress as Populists, not sheltered under the name of a party that will sacrifice its principles for harmony, they will go under sooner or later, as do all the advocates of false and untrue notions in this country.

Conciliation of Populists means ruin to the Democratic party and encouragement to dangerous political tendencies. If the Democratic party does not drive out its Populists, and set its seal of disapproval on those who treat with Populists and their kind, then it will drive out its men of character and intelligence, who, as we have said before, will then be obliged to organize a new party, that will stand for what, twenty years ago, were thought to be Democratic principles.

THE WAR IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE state of things that has for some days existed in South Carolina amounts to an impeachment of the power of the community to govern itself. It may be said that the performances of Governor WAITE in Colorado justify as serious doubts about that commonwealth as the performances of Governor TILLMAN in South Carolina. There is, however, a distinct difference. Governor WAITE, whatever his intentions may have been, did not succeed in bringing Colorado so near to civil war and to anarchy as Governor TILLMAN has brought South Carolina in the name of the law. In no other American community has it ever been made so evident that the people were opposed to the law which, in theory, was of their own making, and were prepared to resist the enforcement of it, even to the shedding of blood. However much the Governor may have transcended his legal powers since the disturbance began, it seems clear that the beginning of it was his attempt to enforce provisions of the State dispensary law that were odious. The claim he made for the State constabulary of a right to search private houses in quest of liquor seems to have been perfectly warranted by the law under which he was acting. The people simply would not submit to the law.

"Nullification" of unpopular laws is by no means a novelty in South Carolina. It is over sixty years since a concerted attempt was made, and came near succeeding, to induce the State to take that course with respect to a statute of the United States. Times have greatly changed. The representatives of the nullifiers of 1832, however, are, according to Governor TILLMAN, the nullifiers of 1894; only now it is a question of nullifying not a Federal but a State law. In a speech at Columbia the Governor has declared that the trouble has come from "the bar-room element," backed up by "the old oligarchy." The Governor, indeed, represents and personifies the triumph of the new democracy over the old oligarchy. One of the representatives of the old oligarchy was Senator WADE HAMPTON, who was unseated by a representative of the Farmers' Alliance. Another is Senator BUTLER, whose seat is in peril from the same source. The old oligarchy not only represented but comprised the wealth and standing and education of the State. The new democracy now in control is composed of the poor whites. It is "the residuum" that has for all these generations been kept under, kept poor, and kept ignorant, and now it is having its revenge by acting according to its kind. Being ignorant, it takes up with crude, absurd crotchets of economy of finance and of local legislation. It tries to impose these crotchets upon the country at large, and has succeeded in imposing them upon itself.

Perhaps the failure of the State dispensary law in South Carolina has been no more marked than the failure of prohibitory laws in every State in which they are not sustained by public opinion. But the law itself, or the manner of its enforcement, has in South Carolina been unprecedentedly odious. What is to be said from the point of view of a practical legislator, of a law the enforcement of which, according to the Executive charged with enforcing it, requires not only an invasion of private dwellings, but empowers the inquisitors to slay whoever resists them without being called to account; requires the calling out of the whole armed force of the State to put down resistance; and requires the Governor to paralyze business by taking control of the railroads and the telegraph, and permits no account of his own doings but such as he sanctions to go forth to the world?

It is not to be expected that the people of any civilized community will acquiesce in such methods of enforcing the law. In three cities the resistance to the law has been so determined that the Governor has been compelled, still according to his own story, to enforce martial law in them. So odious is the law that many companies of militia have disbanded rather than take part in enforcing it, and that other companies, without disbanding, ignore the orders of their commander-in-chief. It is so odious that "the mayors and city councils have refused to make the police do their duty," and therefore the Governor, under the statutory powers that he says are conferred upon him, has assumed the immediate command of the police.

Surely Governor TILLMAN'S bitterest opponent could not make out a worse case for him than that he makes out for himself. It is his own showing that the law, the enactment of which he advised and the enforcement of which he has undertaken, is so odious that it cannot be enforced without invoking the whole force of the State, and so odious that the force of the State refuses the invocation. This is the result of the passing of political power from the old to the new South, from a selfish and educated aristocracy to an envious and ignorant democracy which is incompetent to the functions it has assumed. It seems that the first requisite of South Carolina is not the Ocala platform, nor the State saloon law, but the diffusion of elementary education.

THE POLITICIANS AND THE POLICE.

THE LEXOW investigating committee is doing precisely what the WEEKLY predicted would be done when the power of PLATT over the Republican majority in the Legislature became apparent. Evidently nothing is to be attempted in the way of thorough inquiry into the condition of affairs in New York's municipal government. So far as this Legislature is concerned, we are not to discover the basis of CROKER'S wealth, nor the details of Tammany's partnership with the criminal classes. We are not to know the extent to which our system of city government is responsible for its corruption, nor is any effort to be made to supplant it with a better system.

The LEXOW committee has had only one purpose. It has set about to show that the Republican machine ought to participate in the control of the police force. In fulfilling its purpose it has travelled over old ground. It has taken testimony showing that the police are entirely under the power of the Tammany bosses and district captains, and that they carry out the orders of these politicians, even to the point of protecting gross violations of the law. Nearly all this straw has been thrashed over in the recent trials of election inspectors for frauds on the suffrage. It is thoroughly well understood that the police protect crime at the dictation of CROKER'S hall. If the Republican majority desired to legislate on the basis of that fact, the investigation is an unnecessary waste of time and money. That this is felt to be so by the investigators themselves is shown by the fact that while their hearings are pending they have arranged a bill satisfactory to the Republicans of both Houses—a bill providing for a bipartisan commission, and endeavoring to meet half-way the public demand for a better system by increasing the powers of the Superintendent.

It is clear, however, that there is an ulterior purpose, and that purpose is not to arouse public indignation against the abuse of power over the police by politicians generally, but against CROKER'S denial of dividends to the Republican machine. The nature of the inquiry was well illustrated the other day when the president of the State Liquor Dealers' Association was under examination. He testified that when he wanted to be nominated as a delegate to the Constitutional Convention, his friends asked CROKER for the nomination, as if it were the boss's property, which he had the right to dispose of by gift, and consequently by sale. This astounding and ingenuous confession, by a man who evidently considers CROKER as the proper source of government in this city and State, apparently did not surprise the committee, and there is no evidence that they saw or understood its import. They are blind to everything but the partisan object they are pursuing. Another bit of evidence was given by Commissioner MARTIN. Asked if he knew of any instance where policemen without political influence had been promoted for merit, he could mention only two. This evidence, if it proves anything, proves that partisanship, bi or otherwise, should have no connection with the police force.

It is admitted that the police ought not to be controlled by Tammany politicians, but the system will not be bettered by a bipartisan commission. The city has had experience with such a commission, and matters were then just as they are now. The partnership between the police and crime was just as close then as it is now. There is now a Republican police commissioner. He is no better than MARTIN or SHEEHAN, the Tammany commissioners. If he were, he would act with Commissioner MACLEAN, who is distinctly better. There is no intelligent citizen of New York who regards PLATT as better than CROKER, or who does not realize that a police force commanded by "Jakes," "Barneys," "Jimmies," and "Johnnies" would be no more virtuous than a police force commanded by "Jimmies" and "Johnnies" alone. Republican "boys" are as bad as Tammany "boys." One of the election inspectors sentenced to State-prison for five years is a Republican.

The committee cannot prove that there ought to be two machine Republican police commissioners and two Tammany commissioners. It cannot prove that there ought to be any politicians at all at the head of the police force. The more witnesses it calls to police outrages at the polls, the firmer will be the conviction of good citizens that the police force should be entirely divorced from politics. Good government depends largely upon preventing that fatal harmony between the two parties which results from trading. A bipartisan police commission means a permanent deal, from which good citizens will suffer and bad citizens profit. The head of the police force should be a policeman, just as the head of the army should be a soldier. A politician is out of place in either service. The extension of the powers of the Superintendent, while still leaving the last word to politicians, is a subterfuge. It may be an improvement on the present condition of affairs, but it is an inadequate response to the popular demand for an entirely responsible Superintendent, appointed by a responsible Mayor.

THE JEWISH QUESTION.

WHY should not the educated Jew be on a perfect social equality with the Christian possessing the same intellectual advantages? The author of *The Jewish Question, and the Mission of the Jews* (HARPER & BROTHERS), investigates this vexing subject. Gauging what are the tenets of to-day, purity of blood, old lineage, with education, make what is called "the gentleman." Distinction as the world grants it, it is true, may be meritless, but, nevertheless, a gentleman, aside from his intellectuality or his wealth, must possess morality. If a family wishes to perpetuate itself, and preserve a clean record for those who follow, it is alone the moral attributes which keep its escutcheon unsullied. Taking, however, the two accidental attributes supposably necessary to enforce the claims of distinction, purity of blood and lineage, the Jews possess these, and in a more marked degree than any other family of men. Though Biblical and modern histories are read, the fact is overlooked that when the Briton painted himself blue, and Gaul and Teuton were savages, it was alone the Jew in Palestine who was fully civilized.

The lineage of the Jew is positive and distinct, and the record of it continuous. If there be anything in heredity, as far as the acquisition of knowledge goes, the Jew has always possessed that special faculty, and through thousands of years one brain has transmitted to another its marked intellectuality. The Jew, then, with scarce an effort, acquires the highest culture. A striking portion of this volume is that devoted to the study of the Jews in the Middle Ages, and the author explains how the Ghetto has been in a certain sense misunderstood. The modern Ghetto of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was a den of misery, but that of the Middle Ages was not. With increased oppression Jewish intellectuality waned, to burst forth afresh with MENDELSSOHN. It was something unextinguishable.

Returning to the simple or complex social question, the author asks, "How many men are there who have inner nobility and refinement of taste, with outer grace of demeanor, considerateness, and tact?" Is the parvenu only the Jew? The plea advanced in the volume is that the Jew should be dealt with individually, and not necessarily as one of a community. With M. LEROY-BEAULIEU, the author writes that the virtues of the Jews are their own, their vices of our making. "Their virtues are the results of Judaic teaching, and the elements essential to Judaism; their vices the result of circumstances which the mediæval world massed about their life." The volume is an appeal to fair play, and in condemnation of a certain arrogance of demeanor, or, what is worse, a patronizing way, which to the Jew is both insulting and humiliating.

THE ELMIRA REFORMATORY.

THE State government, in both its executive and legislative branches, has taken notice of the charges against the Elmira Reformatory and its superintendent, Mr. BROCKWAY. The Governor notified the Board of Managers that has control of the institution to appear before him on or before the 11th instant, while the Legislature in both branches has thus far declined to take any action—the Assembly declining on the ground that a certain investigation made by the State Board of Charities was impartial, and the Senate declining on the ground that the Governor has full power to remove the managers if they are incompetent or corrupt.

This is the result of a newspaper attack on Mr. BROCKWAY begun some months ago. The superintendent, who is one of the most distinguished of pœnologists, was charged with brutality to his prisoners. Shocking instances were cited. At first much of the testimony taken before the Board of Charities was that of ex-convicts, but afterwards there was confirmatory evidence from other sources. The superintendent himself admitted that he inflicted corporal punishment on the inmates of the reformatory, but contended that "spanking" and "paddling" are essential features of his system of discipline. The managers are responsible for the superintendent. They have the power of removal, the Governor's authority not extending beyond them. In this case, if Governor FLOWER is satisfied that Mr. BROCKWAY has been guilty of brutality, and the Board of Managers refuses to remove him, he can remove the managers, but not the superintendent. The State Board of Charities, whose investigation was made at the request of the managers of Elmira themselves, reported that Mr. BROCKWAY had been guilty of brutality.

This is an important but not conclusive report. The chairman of the State board, Mr. OSCAR CRAIG, died during the investigation. One of the other investigators went to Europe. The third, Mr. LITCHFIELD, carried it to a conclusion, after endeavoring in vain to secure the co-operation of other members of the board. His report was concurred in, after an examination of the testimony, however, by all the members of the board. On the strength of memoranda made during the progress of the investigation, it is also asserted that it was in accordance with Mr. CRAIG'S views. This assertion, however, must be dismissed, for it is unfair to Mr. CRAIG, who stood deservedly high, to assume that he regarded these memoranda in any way except as aids in his final consideration of the testimony.

The Elmira Board of Managers has declined to act on the report of the State board, and has asked for a legislative investigation. This has been practically refused, and the Governor therefore summoned its members to show cause why they should not be removed. It is to be regretted that at this point the ugly head of partisan politics intruded into the case, the Republican majority of the Legislature evidently desiring to put the Governor in a dilemma.

The Governor should proceed very cautiously. The report of the State Board of Charities is not satisfactory. The people who know the work that Mr. BROCKWAY has accomplished at the Elmira Reformatory are not yet satisfied that he is a cruel and inhuman brute, that his system is a failure, or that corporal punishment properly administered is not an essential element of sound reformatory discipline. Pœnologists have regarded Elmira as a model institution, and Mr. BROCKWAY as an intelligent administrator of penal institutions. Some of the outcries against the superintendent are clearly due to ignorance of the conclusions which have been reached by men who have spent their lives in studying the subject of prison discipline and the art of reforming criminals. Before Mr. BROCKWAY is condemned, and before Elmira is discredited, all the light should be turned on. The State should learn not only what Mr. BROCKWAY has done by way of discipline, but why he did it, and the Governor should listen to the views of acknowledged experts in pœnology.

The Elmira Reformatory is an institution of which the State has reason to be proud. Much good has been accomplished there by Mr. BROCKWAY. It is the one bright spot in the penal system of New York. It has been pointed to as an object-lesson of what can be done for the reform of criminals. The State prisons of New York are survivals of the Dark Ages. They disgrace our civilization. In their lack of wholesome discipline, in their neglect of ordinary sanitation, in their barbarous uncleanliness, they are mediæval breeders of criminals. Elmira has been a protest against them and the system underlying them, and Mr. BROCKWAY has been its moving and controlling spirit. No greater harm can be done to the State than by a swift and unjust condemnation of the reformatory and its superintendent.

THE COFFEE-HOUSE ORATOR.—[See Page 342.]

GEORGE DU MAURIER.

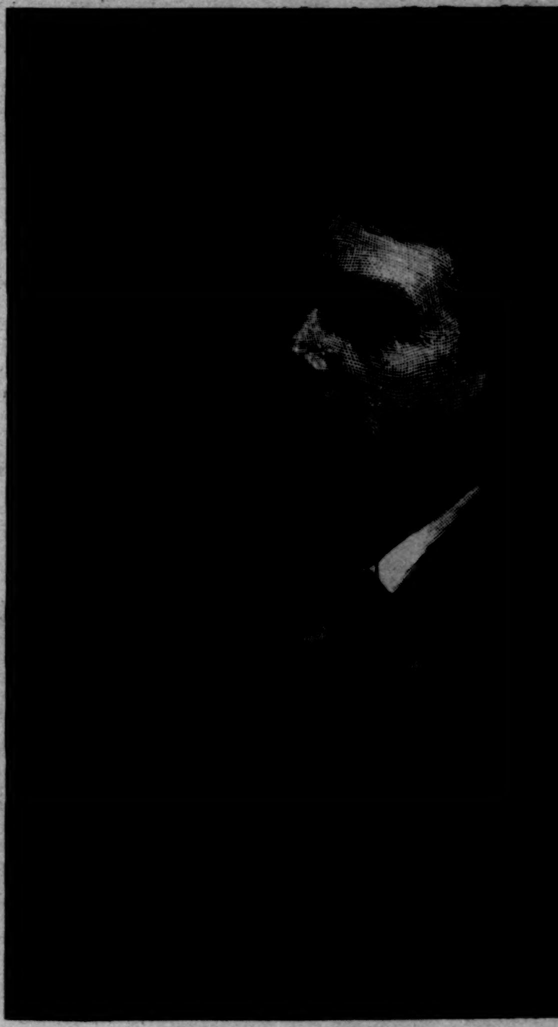
BY HENRY JAMES.

If we should never, as the ancients had it, count a man happy till he dies, so, doubtless, we should never call a man clever so long as he has not written a novel. We had tasted George du Maurier's talent, we had applauded his pen, for many a year, and had ended by feeling familiar with their exercise and range, only to find at last that we had been judging them on half the evidence. The penetrating instrument to which we owe so large a mass of consistent pictorial satire suddenly puts forth a second point and dips it into literary ink. This is a great comfort for a friendly commentator who has accepted afresh the responsibility of speech. I have so repeatedly expressed my appreciation of Mr. Du Maurier as a various draughtsman, as a painter in black and white, that I should now have little left to say had he not kindly put new ground under my feet—ground firm enough to sustain a very jubilant step. From the moment he, in the common phrase, takes to writing, it is possible once more to write about him.

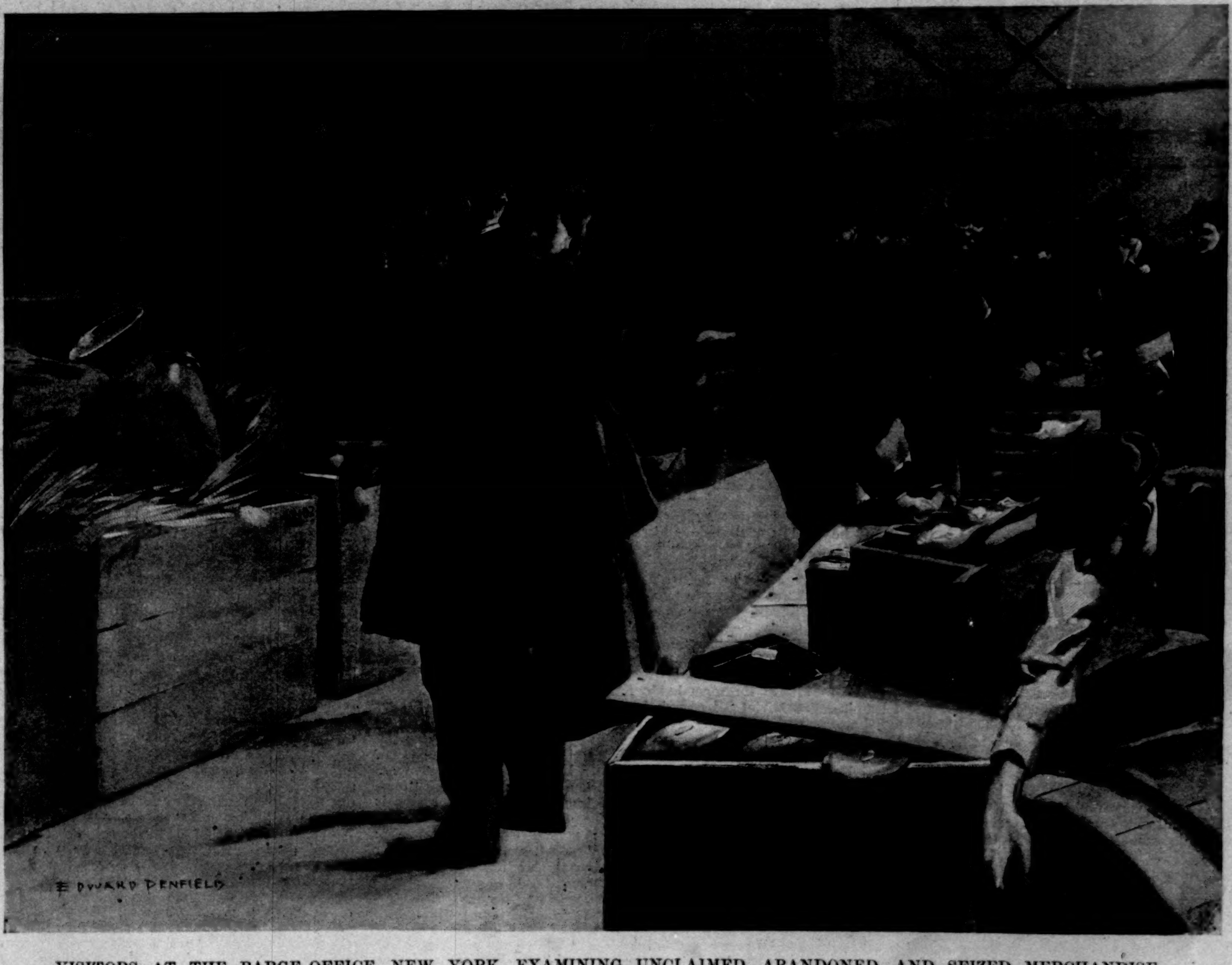
This was not at all clear in advance, for one must confess to a general mistrust of literary efforts that are not efforts, and of tardy coquetries with fresh objects of conquest. It is not more easy to start at fifty-five than at twenty-five, and the grammar of any liberal art is not a study to be postponed. Difficult is it, in a word, at any time of life to master a mutinous form and express an uncommon meaning. The case therefore demands some attention when people begin to dash off brilliant novels in the afternoon of existence. That attention generally discovers the fact that the performance is more seeming than real, and that the question has been answered only by being, as the phrase is, begged—sometimes with a touching unconsciousness, sometimes with a brazen assurance. The grammar, as I have called it, on these queer occasions, is so far from having been learned that the very alphabet has not even been suspected. What, above all, has not been suspected is the difficulty of the problem, or, in other words, its complexity. I hasten to add that I am far from making a matter-of-course reproach of this happy indifference to danger; the reproach is only the failure, and there is no failure from the moment we are charmed. The trick succeeds enough when the rabbit comes out of the handkerchief. If Mr. Du Maurier had been haunted by his difficulties he never would have written *Peter Ibbetson*, and if he had not written *Peter Ibbetson* he would not have written *Trilby*. I have only to glance at these possibilities to see the doctrine of due vigilance fall into distinct discredit. It is far better that we should suffer occasionally under a belated aberration than that these delightful things should not have been given us. I am perfectly aware, none the less, that we shall pay heavily for them in the future, when, jealous of their honors, many an emulous worker in the other medium shall ask himself why he shall not show that he too can make the text for his illustrations. He will proceed promptly to make it, and it will be very bad, and he will never know, and we won't read it—we will only, instead, read *Trilby* over again. He will have had as much confidence as his model, but it will not, on the doctrine of chances at least, soon happen again that any one will have as much grace. He will have everything of the model's but the model's genius.

Even if *Peter Ibbetson* were less charming a thing, I scarcely see how it could fail to be interesting to those readers, fit though few, to whom the reasons of their likings come as much home as the likings themselves. There are people who don't enjoy enough till they know *why* they enjoy, and critics so oddly constituted that their sensation amuses them still more even than the work that produces that sensation. These critics, so often reviled for being "subjective," ought to join hands around Mr. Du Maurier and dance in a ring, so beautiful a chance does he put before them for the exercise of their subjectivity. The critics of the ancient type, those who take their stand on the laws and the suitabilities, must in the presence of his experiments in fiction feel that support abruptly give way, and find themselves with no comfortable precedent for being so happy with him. The laws are virtually so out of the question, and the suitabilities are so of the special case, that if we appeal to them we have only to close the book. What is *in* the question, what the special case demands, is simply the revelation of an individual nature. Mr. Du Maurier renders a service (of which he probably began by being wholly unaware) to those who hold that the character of an æsthetic production is most profitably to be looked for in some such revelation. "Don't prate to me about the artist's 'personality' (horrible word!) and of that's being the element of value," cry the judicious and the high and dry; "tell me rather how the production squares with a thousand things with which his personality has nothing to do." "Tell me," insist the curiosity-mongers, "how he feels, how he looks, how he confesses himself, betrays himself, what kind and quantity of life is distilled through his alembic, and what color and shape the world, as he presents it to us, reflects from his particular soul." Peter Ibbetson and Trilby, interrogated in this manner, yield an answer so prompt and direct that we have not the smallest difficulty in handing it on.

The color and shape of this author's world are reflected,



GEORGE DU MAURIER.



VISITORS AT THE BARGE-OFFICE, NEW YORK, EXAMINING UNCLAIMED, ABANDONED, AND SEIZED MERCHANDISE.
DRAWN BY EDWARD PENFIELD.—[SEE PAGE 342.]

without a break, from his sense of human and personal beauty. In this sense resides the motive force of his work, and it would offer on Mr. Du Maurier's part materials for a longer and more curious study than I have space for. It is only the next "plastic" artist who shall have it in the same rare and exquisite, and, above all, in the same absorbing or intimate degree, who will be able equally, on trying his hand at a novel, to dispense with some of the novelist's precautions; for the talisman in question is precisely that "grace" which has given the author of *Trilby* his security, or, as I should say, if it didn't sound a little invidious, his impunity. Every one remembers the subject of *Peter Ibbetson*, a subject of purely fanciful essence, in which the author has achieved the miracle of redeeming from its immemorial dreariness that dream-world of the individual which, if it had not definitely succumbed to social reprobation, would still be the bugbear of the breakfast table. We all know how wide a berth we usually give other people's dreams; but who has not been thankful for those of Gogo Pasquier and the Duchess Mimsey? The beauty, the tenderness of the commerce of which they are the vehicle, the exquisite passion of which the happy couple's success in "dreaming true" gives us the picture—these things make *Peter Ibbetson* surely one of the most ingenious of all conceits, and most delicate and most sincere of all love-stories. The oddity of the matter is that if this delicacy had not been achieved, the idea would have been peculiarly perilous, the disaster possibly great. It's all a triumph of instinctive sweetness, of inevitable beauty. Every one, every thing, is beautiful for Mr. Du Maurier. We have only to look, to see it proved, at the admirable, lovable little pictorial notes to his text. I will not profess for a moment that the effect of these notes is not insidious and corrupting, or that with such a perpetual nudging of the critical elbow one can judge the text with adequate presence of mind. There is an unprecedented confusion, in which the line seems to pass into the phrase and the phrase into the line—in which the "letter-press," in particular, borrows from the illustrations illicit advantages and learns impertinent short-cuts; though this, indeed, is by no means inveterate, the written presentation of the tall heroine, for instance, being, to my sense, decidedly preferable to the drawn. (Described or portrayed, on the other hand, the hero is equally prodigious and pathetic.)

The reader who would fain ask himself how it is that our author's vision succeeds in being so blissfully exclusive, such a reader ends by perceiving, I think, that this is because it is intensely a vision of youth and of the soul of youth. Every thing and every one is not only beautiful for him; it is also divinely young. Turn over his work in *Punch*, in Harper's, as far back as you please, and you will find almost only sons and daughters of the gods, splendid young people in the prime of their six or seven feet. This admirable *Trilby* promises to be, quite as much as its predecessor, a poem in honor of the long leg and the twentieth year. In the twentieth year the glamour is glorious; in the tenth it is even greater. The historian of Gogo Pasquier and of the overgrown Mimsey oscillates between these periods. He revels in happy retrospect and can't tear himself away from his childhood. From *his*, I hasten to add, no more can the subjugated reader, however systematically that reader may avert himself from his own. Was there ever a more delightfully dusty haze, like the thick western air of a suburb at the drop of a summer's day, than the whole evocation of Peter Ibbetson's Anglo-Parisian childhood, all stories and *brioche*, and all peopled (save for the Prendergasts) with figures graceful, gentle, distinguished, musical, and enormously tall? Infinitely amiable are all those opening pages, and a rare exhibition of the passion of reminiscence. People sometimes bore us almost as much by wishing to tell us about their parents as by wishing to tell us their dreams, but Gogo's parents and everything that was Gogo's become personally dear to us. Even the painful things, as the story goes on, are much less painful than lovely. The young man's lonely life at Pentonville, his fastidious, friendless, self-conscious, impecunious youth, has only just as much ugliness as the nakedness of Apollo. Infinitely, dazzlingly ornamental is this magnificent young man. When the author wishes to give him a congruous mate who shall have tasted, like himself, of the misery of things, he can bring himself to see her in no baser conditions than those of a priestess, a giantess, and a duchess. Supreme the felicity of the seedy young Ibbetson, who, thanks to the precious secret of "dreaming true," exchanges caresses with a duchess every day of his life. This idea does the highest credit to Mr. Du Maurier's faculty of fantastic invention; it is the fantastic, moreover, not cold and curious, but warmed by an intensely human application. Simply captivating is the picture of the mystical yet intensely familiar bliss that is able, for years and years, to make the incarcerated Gogo utterly indifferent to every actual bitterness. He has lost absolutely everything but his beauty in order to measure the mystery of love.

It is, perhaps, not indiscreet of me, taking advantage of a private revelation, to mention that as *Trilby* goes on, *Trilby* will offer a still better example of the fantastic heated and humanized. The subject is an absolute "find," and if the author brings it happily into port (as his delightful start seems to promise), every reader will feel that we have a fine new inventor. Nothing, of course, would induce me to be more communicative than this; but, speaking on the evidence already before the public, it is inevitable to say that the book promptly reveals a faculty more assured and a conception more complex. The rosy evocation of early things is still richer than in the opening of *Peter Ibbetson;* it fills the first numbers with an extraordinary charm. The whole thing swims in tender remembrance and personal loveliness; even the dirty, wicked people have the grace of satyrs in a frieze. Svengali capers like a goat of poetry, and makes music like the great god Pan. The old delicious Paris of the artist's youth, of the early years of the Second Empire, distils its uproar through his pipe. The three Englishmen—the little beautiful lovable genius (is he a poetized portrait of Frederick Walker, whose career was almost as short as John Keats's, and his vision almost as high?), the mighty man with whiskers, and the would-be-Andalusian Scot—inspire us at the very outset with a clinging comradeship. The reader links his arm in theirs, and (tribute unparalleled!) sacrifices his own precious Paris to see the place through their eyes. As for Trilby herself, it is, of course, early to say, but, taking the impression for what it is worth, it strikes me that few heroines of fiction have from the first announced themselves so unmistakably as fatal to the reader's peace. Her beauty is almost terrible; almost calculated to make us bashful, the bold familiarity with life with which she already stands there. The Duchess Mimsey was companionable, but beside this enchanting creature the Duchess Mimsey is almost a Gorgon. It is but too plain that we are to suffer the last extremity from Trilby. If I have said that Mr. Du Maurier humanizes the fantastic, this intensely social young woman renders such a result inevitable. Straight upon our heart we feel the pressure of those divine white feet so admirably described by the author. Where are they going to carry her beautiful high-perched young head and her passionate undomesticated heart? Through what devious, dusky turnings of the Latin and other quarters? We love her so much that we are vaguely uneasy for her; considerably inclined even to pray for her. Let us pray among other things that she may not grow any taller. With Mr. Du Maurier as the friendly providence of the animated show, we take these liberties and intermingle these voices. It all belongs to the sociable, audible air, the irresponsible, personal pitch of a style so talked and smoked, so drawn, so danced, so played, so whistled and sung, that it never occurs to us even to ask ourselves whether it is written.

A PERENNIAL SUMMER RESORT.

Coronado, near San Diego, California, is more like a typical Atlantic surf resort than any other place in California. It is not precisely on the ocean. If it were it would be an occasional prey to fogs and cold winds. It is on a sheltered and detached beach, beside a great inlet or bay, and the fogs and winds are kept away from it by a high bluff. In the winter it is so patronized by Eastern folk that they feel entirely at home there. The Californians come later, in the spring and summer, when in that region—so peculiar to us of the Atlantic coast—the people seek a warm climate, precisely as we, at the same time, are in search of cool temperature. The great and beautiful hotel at Coronado is the chief attraction there, and the comforts and distractions are all such as accompany life in a large and thoroughly modern hotel. Many consumptives and other invalids enjoy daily sun-baths in the glass-enclosed porches that face the south. The others bathe, or exercise in the open air and the ball-room, and in frequent boat rides to San Diego.

Spanish sombreros on many men's heads, and bits of gay color in many costumes, lend a foreign tone to every view of humanity at Coronado, but this is due more to the fashion of Eastern folks in donning Spanish habiliments than to the presence of Mexicans or Spanish Californians in great numbers. A few such come to the great hotel from Mexico and from southern California districts, but to see a strong Spanish coloring one must visit San Diego, where the blood of the former masters of the soil is still strong in the community.

The Hotel del Coronado, as it is called, is built around a *patio* of an acre in extent—an almost tropical garden of beautiful plants and flowers and trees. The charm that this gives to the place can scarcely be too warmly described. Visitors turn from the unobstructed view of the ocean and the distant Coronado Islands to enjoy the scenery of the mountains that dip down to San Diego and its bay; or they may turn again to the no less restful vistas of the pretty park within the walls. It has been truly said that one may be happy in San Diego and do nothing, and that is even more the case at Coronado. After curiosity has been satisfied by a few trips to the mainland, with its many novel views of town and country, it is best to return to the splendid hostelry at the ocean's edge, and there rest and recuperate, and dream under the gorgeous skies beside the colored waters and amid the soft languorous air of that highly favored retreat. If one must stir himself, it may be to breast the surf or to bathe in the sea-water that is enclosed in flower-edged, glass-roofed tanks. He may sail on sheltered or on open water, and may fish in either, or shoot along the shores. Such are the resources of many, but delightful rest is the privilege of all.

THE COFFEE-HOUSE ORATOR.

The London Coffee-house is the father of the London Club, as the London Club is the father of all the clubs in the world, from White's and Boodle's to The Aldine and The Players.

The first coffee-house in London was opened in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, about 1650. Isaac D'Israeli quotes its handbill in *The Curiosities of Literature*, and for many years thereafter, coffee and Coffee-houses, curiously enough, played a most important part in British literature itself. Macaulay tells us what a force the Coffee-house had become in the land during the latter part of the seventeenth century, even a very powerful political institution, at a period when public meetings, harangues, resolutions, and the rest of the machinery of popular agitation had not come into fashion, and when no such thing as a newspaper existed. Under these circumstances the Coffee-houses were the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself; and in 1675 a paternal, and not very long-sighted, government went so far as to issue a proclamation for the shutting up and suppressing of all establishments of that kind. The importers and the retailers and the venders of the cheering bean, however, petitioned for a repeal; and they were finally permitted to sell coffee to be drunk on the premises, under an admonition that the proprietors should prevent all scandalous papers, books, and libels from being read aloud, and should hinder every person from declaring, uttering, or divulging any manner of false and scandalous reports against Government or the ministers thereof. This was in the days of the Second Charles. By the time Queen Anne came to the throne the Coffee-house had become the literary as well as the political centre of the town, and here gathered the wits and the players for many generations, to talk art, archæology, architecture, books, and the drama. What once was Will's Coffee-house, on the corner of Bow Street and Russell Street, is to the literary pilgrim almost the most hallowed spot in the world to-day. The author of "Alexander's Feast" made it the fashion; Pope, Addison, Steele, and De Foe were among its frequenters; Pepys dropped in one night, and reports that "Dryden the poet (I knew at Cambridge), and all the wits of the town, and Harris the player, and Mr. Hoole of our college, were there; and had I had time then, or could at other times, it would be good coming thither, for there I perceive is very witty and pleasant discourse." How valuable was this conversation has been recorded by Prior, who said: "'Tis the advantage of our Coffee-houses that from their talk one may write a very good polemic discourse, without even troubling one's head with the books of controversy."

When White's Chocolate-house in St. James's Street became White's Club-house, and when similar associations of a private character were established, the Coffee-house proper lost its power and influence, and by degrees nothing but its name was left to it. There are still Coffee-houses in London, in which one is served with every liquid but coffee; and some of the original caravansaries, with their original signs, still exist, as Dick's and the Rainbow, but all their original simplicity and charm have been restored and redecorated out of all decency, and the sign is all that remains. Mr. Bundy's "Coffee-house Orator" is standing before the fireplace of the Cheshire Cheese in Wine-Office Court; but the Cheshire Cheese was never a Coffee-house, and it only merits its present popularity because its present proprietors have had the gumption and the business tact to leave it as it was. Nothing about it is gaudy, new, or flippant; the rooms are small, the timbers are heavy, the floor is carpetless, the guests are boxed in high-backed, straight-backed, stiff-backed settles; everything is solemn and heavy—particularly the viands—and the spirit of Samuel Johnson is believed to haunt the place: a spirit of wine, not a decoction of coffee. His chair is still shown to the visitor, his portrait still adorns the walls, his tobacco-box is still preserved, the Johnson Club still holds here its meetings, and it is never mentioned in Boswell's Life, or in any of the letters or talks of Johnson himself! As he was in every tavern in its neighborhood, so must he have been here; but it is rather remarkable that the only one of his resorts which is held sacred now by his adorers is the only one of which we have no record of his ever having entered.

Our English cousin, when he does exhibit reverence for his past, is apt to revere the wrong thing, and to jump at false conclusions. The members of the Garrick Club are fond of pointing out to the enthusiastic Americans "Thackeray's Corner" in the present club-house, where he always sat when he entered its precincts, notwithstanding the fact that he never entered its precincts at all; because in Thackeray's day, and for some years after Thackeray's day, the Garrick Club occupied its original quarters in King Street, Covent Garden, some little distance away. A few facetious members have set aside a certain modern but comfortable arm-chair as "Hawthorne's" in a certain corner of the reading-room of The Players. They are perfectly willing to confess that Hawthorne died more than a quarter of a century before the Players was conceived, but they are not willing that the Garrick should take any advantage of them, even in anachronism.

Concerning the London Coffee-houses of the past whole books might be written, and about them hovers more of the delightful anecdotes of literature than an ordinary library could contain. William Collins strutted backwards and forwards in the Bedford and Slaughter's; Smollett frequented the Cocoa Tree and the British; Steele and Franklin were familiar figures in Dan Saltero's; Colley Cibber was an *habitué* of Tom's; and Charlotte and Anne Brontë slept for several nights in the Chapter, in Paternoster Row—the only women who were ever so distinguished. Better than an unknown orator in smallclothes, laying down what he supposes to be the law, in the main room of the Cheshire Cheese, would be a picture of these two shy, innocent country girls, going in their ignorance for shelter to the Chapter because it was their father's stopping-place, and the only one they knew in all London. Its frequenters were exclusively men, and generally churchmen, and the paternal old head-waiter who received and cared for them there never hinted—bless his heart!—that they were doing what no women had ever done before.

This is a scene respectfully suggested to the *genre* and historic painters of the two continents on which English is spoken and *Jane Eyre* is read. Laurence Hutton.

"BARGE-OFFICE" SALES.

Probably the best place to get an illustration of what is meant by the comprehensive word commerce, especially commerce between nations, is a custom-house sale of "unclaimed, abandoned, and seized goods" at the Barge-Office down at the Battery in New York city. Sales of unclaimed goods are common enough in all large cities where railway and express companies and bargain-hunters come together, with an auctioneer's mallet as the magnet. Such sales are often conducted in the pig-in-the-bag style. A custom-house sale is entirely different. Every package is opened and placed on public inspection for at least four days, and the appraised value of each article when it left the place from which it came, and the appraised value on this side at the time of examination, are set down in a catalogue which has been prepared with much care. The result is that every intelligent bidder knows not only exactly what he is buying, but almost exactly how much profit he will make on its sale to others when the auctioneer's mallet designates him as the purchaser.

The largest sale of these unclaimed, abandoned, and seized goods ever held in the port of New York began on March 20th, and was concluded on March 28th. There were about 7000 packages sold, grouped in 2300 items, and the whole netted the government about $25,000. It represented a year's accumulation of goods, and it was the first sale at the Barge-Office since the immigration bureau gave up this handsome building to the use of the custom-house authorities. Formerly these sales were held in a west-side storage warehouse, and often came at intervals of not more than three months.

These sales are interesting not only for what is sold, but for those who attend them. They are held on a large staging hung from the roof of the big shed into which the immigrants used to be crowded as they came off ship. They are attended chiefly by professional "buyers," the great majority of whom are Hebrews. After them in numerical strength come a large group of men of Hibernian birth or descent, and then come desultory American buyers, and finally curiosity-seekers. But those ladies over there? Wait till you see the auctioneer approach the number of some confiscated laces, and you will see them separate, edge their ways through the crowd to the front, and then bid in that indifferent and careless style that characterizes the old hand at that sort of thing, and then you realize to what extent woman is engaging in business—"man's work," if you please—for these women are dealers or professional buyers.

The bidding goes on without cessation and at race-horse speed. The auctioneer must devote on the average only one minute to each article to accomplish a day's work. He knows his bidders after a day or two, and their methods. All at once you see a rush towards him. Two hundred men crowd up as they do when there has been an accident on the streets. Your catalogue tells you as you glance at it hurriedly that it is caused by the offer of some article of jewelry, some case of liquors of a well-known brand, some lot of cigars for which there is sure to be a quick sale and a good profit for the man who gets it at a low price. Then the crowd separates, but the bidding is lively enough, for the bargain-hunters remain to the very last, and neglect no good opportunity for speculation.

Look through the catalogue and see the great variety of goods offered. Here are 3075 copies of Andrew Carnegie's

America, in German, valued on the other side at $760, and sold for $63. Four cases of 40,000 fashion plates bring $6, although valued in Europe at $50 when shipped. Here is a bottle of Koch's lymph, which goes for 50 cents, and there a package containing 57 "rotary tooth-brushes," which go for 60 cents. Over there are 40 scientific maps of Portugal, which are withdrawn at the last moment, and here is an accordion with 21 keys, valued at $9, which goes for $7.

Turning over your catalogue, you find that No. 409 is a "mangling-machine," valued abroad at $12 and here at $17 50. It brings $10. A pair of stirrups sells for $1 25, and 1000 electric-light carbons valued at $23 go for $6. A mounted wooden cross valued at $25 brings $32, and 21 bottles of West India pepper-sauce are knocked off for $1 50. Five cuckoo clocks valued at $75 bring $55, and you are grieved to learn that popularity still clings to that kind of time-piece. You are glad to see a Mr. Moran, a day or two after St. Patrick's day, buy an abandoned silk hat valued at $5 for 50 cents. Here are 2000 lithographic pictures of Baron Hirsch, valued at $67 50, which go for $17. Nine engravings of Pope Leo, valued at $45, are sold for $12, and 1000 gospel cards valued at $2 50 are knocked down for 10 cents. A mortuary wreath is sold for 35 cents, and 37 books on political economy, presumably containing dissertations on the tariff, fetch $1 50—four cents apiece. A pair of snow-shoes valued at $1 50 bring $2 50, and 19 barrels of soft soap valued at $162 go for $37. A Dublin directory for 1891 brings 50 cents.

The variety of things is simply confusing. Here are headstones, car springs, church organs, children's toys, railroad time-tables, glass chimneys, rheumatism medicine, "charms," Portland cement, pillow-shams, carved images, theatrical posters, iron bedsteads, licorice-root sweepings, radish seeds, wearing material of all kinds, food in various states of preparation, and liquors, cigars, and jewelry in plenty.

The liquors and cigars bring, as a rule, 80 per cent. of their full value. New wearing material goes at from 60 to 75 per cent. of its real worth, and other things at whatever you can catch the auctioneer's eye with when the bidding sags a little and he is anxious to take up the next article. All the articles have been in the public stores for more than a year before they are put up for sale. Looked at as a whole, one gets from the sale a vivid idea why men go down to the sea in ships for other reasons than for travel.

A. F. MATTHEWS.

LITTLE ST. PETER.

A Story of Cape Cod.

BY WILLIAM BAYARD HALE.

THE newspaper correspondents have told the story of the wreck of the ship *Jason* in the gale of December a year ago; but they have not related it as I am able to do, and they have not given the most mysterious and thrilling incident of that terrific storm. If I had told them that, they would not have believed me. I think, however, that now it ought to be made known, for it may be that the publication of his strange tale will turn up somebody who, or something which, will relieve my doubts as to what ought to be done with little St Peter. Not that I want any such somebody or something to turn up. I feel that the world ought to have a chance to claim him, if any one in it can, and yet I have a great fear that some one may do so.

I think I shall give an account of the wreck as if it had not been in the papers at all, repeating some of the particulars which I gave to the reporters at the time. The public forgets so soon. The Cape Cod wreckers themselves, though this is vivid enough in their memories, have almost forgotten the stranding of the *Peruvian*, and it is a rare old captain who has even heard of the wreck of the pirate ship *Whidah*, whose two hundred men were lost just outside yonder bar, which twice a day the sea, like a monster showing its teeth, reveals to me.

The blow began on Tuesday morning. It was a north-east gale, and brought snow and sleet. The rate of the wind increased steadily; by the middle of the afternoon it was fifty miles an hour. A few minutes after he had taken this record—that is, about 3 P.M.—Captain Bearse, of the Nauset Life-saving Station, peering through the driving sleet, made out a large ship off the point. She was under close-reefed topsails, and was driving helplessly towards the shore.

Within an hour the life-saving crews from Pamet River, Highland Light, and Cahoon's Hollow were on the beach. By five o'clock it was dark, and the position of the ship was lost. There is no flash-light on this coast. The gale swept the beach with the wildest fury. It extinguished lanterns; it scattered the wood piled for a beacon-light, and when men brought more it tore the sticks out of their arms and carried them away like straws. No rocket would rise. Snow dropped in sheets, as it does from a roof; a man could not see it, and would recoil as from a blow when a sheet struck him. In the intervals hail, blown at the rate of a spent bullet, stung hands and faces, and in some cases tore the flesh. The surfmen huddled in groups, lying on the ground, holding to one another that they might not be swept off, and talked, when they could between the thunders of the surf, of the possibility of doing anything for the crew of the ship which they knew was out there in the blackness driving upon the outer bar. She was beyond the reach of any line that could be shot, and no life-boat could hope to reach her. So they tied themselves together, with a few furlongs of rope between each, and planned to stand by the beach when she struck, and to stretch a hand to any beaten seaman the mercy of the billows might lay at their feet. Then they lay and shivered and waited, listening.

Meanwhile—you will learn presently how I know, though they say not a soul was saved—meanwhile, how was it out yonder in the night, beyond the roaring of the bar?

Tuesday morning the British ship *Jason*, Captain McMillan, from Calcutta to Boston, with a cargo of jute, ran into the gale and a rapidly rising sea, and, being out of sight of land, made all snug to weather the blow. The crew were in particularly high spirits, for there was the prospect of a good time in port, only a day's sail away. Some of the seamen had stowed their duffle and packed their chests, ready to quit ship for the first time in one hundred and twenty-five days. The weather shut in thick. The gale had struck the *Jason* with her spars full of cloth, but all had been furled save her three topsails. Suddenly, at three o'clock in the afternoon, the lookout sighted land. Captain McMillan, seeing the three lights of Nauset, instantly realized that he was south of his course, and that the highlands of Cape Cod were close aboard to leeward. He at once ordered sail crowded on, and the ship hauled into the wind, thinking to get her on the off-shore tack. It was no use. The swell set straight to land, and the sea knocked her bow off, so that she sagged to leeward at the rate of two knots for every one she made in headway. In despair the captain concluded to wear ship. He changed his mind, however, when he calculated the distance of the breakers. There was nothing to do but to hold her as close into the wind as she would point, and trust to some merciful chance that she would clear the bar where it deepens off Highland light, five miles to the northward.

But the wheel was a mere plaything for that wind and that sea. At seven o'clock the *Jason*, almost directly head on, struck the bar with a shock which ripped her keel from the plating. A great sea was in her wake, and as she recoiled, swept the deck from stern to stem. Captain McMillan, starting for the starboard life-boat, was beaten with it overboard. The keel worked up, and, hammered on by the waves, shoved itself through the hold and lifted a section of the deck near the poop. The crew took to the mizzen-rigging, only to be knocked off by tumbling spars and hissing seas, and wind that ripped the canvas from the bolt-ropes, and tore out even the furled sails. Three minutes after the *Jason's* nose touched the sand she lay an ocean-swept hulk, with no breathing thing aboard of her. So ended the cruise of the ship *Jason*, Captain McMillan, one hundred days out from Calcutta, laden with jute.

The surfmen, crouching back on the beach, on hearing a great crack, ran down to the water, and stretched themselves—a living rope—along it, running out and back behind the waves, with eyes strained. One of them heard a choked cry ahead of him, and bounding towards it, clasped a man's leg. The two were dragged out the length of the rope section, and the surfman battled with the undertow and the caving sand until he lost consciousness. His neighbors knew nothing of his plight for half an hour, when they found him cut almost in two by the rope around his waist. After that they had no heart to follow the waves, especially as they knew that now it would be but to gather corpses a few hours sooner than the sea would of herself give them up. For the sea always brings the dead and lays them on the sand, with a guiltless smile, and with a rippling murmur of wonder at seeing men and women weep.

Mine is the duty of the day that follows a storm. All along the miles of treacherous beach—all along the dreary dunes from Monomy to Truro—the folk of the Cape followed me, lifting bodies in blue jackets, and tearing off the tangle of weeds and shell. Fifty-four corpses we took up that day and the next, and no man of us needed to keep tally of the growing horror. On Sunday the bell would ring for a memorial service in the Puritan church at Provincetown, but I knew that the anguish of many an English mother would calm itself the sooner for knowing that her lad had been laid to rest with the words of the Prayer-book. That is my duty the day that follows a storm.

I began it a little after noon. That was not too soon, for there was no one to identify the dead, and no need to identify them; the shipping articles in the owner's offices would give a list of them. Then there is always a good supply of rough coffins on this coast, and the women are skilled in disposing bodies for burial. I began with those who were to be laid in the Wellfleet graveyard. There was with me a group of perhaps a dozen men; all that could be spared from among the wreckers. I stood at the head of the graves, the men by the wagon, ready to lift the coffins. I read the sentences; the psalm I was moved to chant to that E flat monody of Felton's. It was echoed from the sand hill in front of me:

"Lord, let me know my end, and the number of my days, that I may be certified how long I have to live."

But it was not the echo of the sand hill that sent back the chant, with the words clear-spoken, of the second verse:

"Behold, thou hast made my days as it were a span long, and mine age is even as nothing in respect of thee; and verily every man living is altogether vanity."

It was the ringing voice of a boy, trained surely in some cathedral choir. There he stood among the men, who looked at him in wonder—a lad with light tumbled curls, hands clasped in front of him, and eyes looking up as at some invisible thing, singing out with a voice like a flute. I recovered myself from surprise in time to take up, "For man walketh in a vain shadow," and so antiphonally we chanted the psalm.

I had the committal to say a score of times there. I am afraid I hurried it and the collects. The boy said the Amens. After the grace I turned to him. The men were standing looking at him with a wonder that was also an awe. They told me afterwards that none of them had seen him join the group; so far as I have been able to learn in these now many weeks, no human eye saw the boy till he began to sing there at the graves.

"Where do you come from, my lad? and hadn't you better put your hat on?" I said, as I smiled into his fine eyes and smoothed his hair with my hand.

"I came from the ship, and, please, sir, I have no hat."

"Ship? What ship, lad? And what is your name?"

He took his eyes off mine, and turned towards the sea. He covered his face with his elbow, and seemed to shudder, as he pointed a finger towards what was once the *Jason*. He did not tell me his name; he never has told me.

I had him in my arms in a second. A dozen coats were off to wrap around him, though he was clad warmly enough, and was in no distress.

"Do you mean to say you were in the wreck?" I exclaimed, and the men pushed up close, and tiptoed to look at him. You can imagine what our exclamations and questions were, and how we gave him no time to answer. At last we stopped to hear him say:

"No one brought me. The ship was lost in the storm, and I went to sleep in a bale down there on the beach till you went by with the wagon, and I came after you."

There was in this little to explain how he was saved, but it was all we could get. There had been a long voyage, and then a terrible storm. All the sailors had been washed overboard. He had forgotten after that; he must have been asleep, and when he awoke he was nice and warm in the lee of a jute bale on the beach.

The men looked out to sea, then at each other, then at me. Here was not only a strange happening; here was a mystery which neither that day nor any day since has fathomed. The *Jason* struck three hundred yards from the shore. It would have been a miracle had the toughest seaman reached land and lived; a child never could have done it. There was no life-preserver on the boy; he was lashed to no spar, and no tender hands had received him from the surf, to roll him, to breathe into his lungs, and rekindle the spark of life. He had wakened quite alone, lying on the shore, snug and warm, and his clothes were neither damp nor torn. Do you wonder I did not care to tell this till now that more than a year has passed, and I have had time to think it over, and make sure that there is no mistake?

"Must have walked on the sea, like St. Peter," said old Brad Standish, perhaps half in fun, certainly half in awe.

There was nothing to be done, and the men were needed on the shore.

"I will take care of the boy. You go join your mates," I said to them. They started off.

"Please, sir, are we to chant some more?" asked the boy, in my arms.

"Why, are you not cold or wet? You do not seem to be. But are you not hungry?"

"No, indeed, sir! And I hope you will not be thinking I need be carried, sir. I am a strong lad."

"So you are, and a brave one, too. I ought to turn you over to some good mother, but your jacket is warm and dry, and maybe you ought to see me bury your ship's people."

Now that was a cruel, thoughtless speech, but the boy never winced. Then I said, more tenderly,

"Had you father or mother on the ship?"

"Neither," he replied. "I loved them all, though, except the steward, who beat my monkey; but I do not know them now, they are changed so. But I should like to be with you at the burials. It is like when I used to sing, sir."

So I took him with me. That day and the next we went, I walking, he mostly on my shoulders, from one to another of the graveyards of four towns, saying the service together. The story of my companion was ahead of us, and everybody came out to look at him. Brad Standish's remark had got abroad, too, and the name "little St. Peter" was bestowed spontaneously and universally upon the lad. Many of the people did not believe he had been on the *Jason* at all; many do not believe it now; and though I know they are mistaken, I do not blame them.

Well, that is all. I took St. Peter home with me. He has lived with me ever since, and will have it no other than that he shall always live with me. He is ten years old, and in some regards is as simple and innocent as he is beautiful; in others he is astonishingly well-informed and keen. He told me the particulars of the wreck as I have given them, but he simply does not know what miracle saved him. I do not know what he was doing on the *Jason*; he does not know himself. He knows much about England and about India, but he does not recollect ever having been in either. A mental scientist would say that the events of that night effaced much from his memory. I have another theory, so sacred that I will not write it down.

He will say to me: "I am sure I have no father nor mother. I think I did not have any name. I remember all about the long, long voyage, and my monkey, and the captain, and our touching at a place they called Mauritius. When I remember anything else I will tell you, but I am sure that there isn't anything else. Won't just the name the village folk call me do? And may I call you father—dear, kind, good father—at least when you have your cassock on?"

Of course I don't allow the adjectives, but I am as much of a father out of a cassock as in one. During the day he is in my study, and he reads the books I have long ago given up trying to understand. In the evening we sit at the window and watch the sun dropping into the sea, splash up the gold and crimson—a lad so contented with the present that he has no wish for a past, and a man so happy in it that he wants no future if it must be different.

Yesterday St. Peter and I, he holding my hand, walked on the beach. When we reached the spot where he had slept under the jute bale, we stopped and looked at the *Jason's* broken hulk. A little of the bow is above the water, and the foremast stands intact. Its shrouds are as taut as harp-strings, while the head-stays sway idly with the motion of the sea.

"Now think," said I to little St. Peter; "that terrible night, did no one carry you from the ship, and somehow get you safe to shore?"

He seemed trying to remember. Then he spoke very slowly, as if he were talking to himself.

"Yes, some one did carry me. Jesus," said little St. Peter.

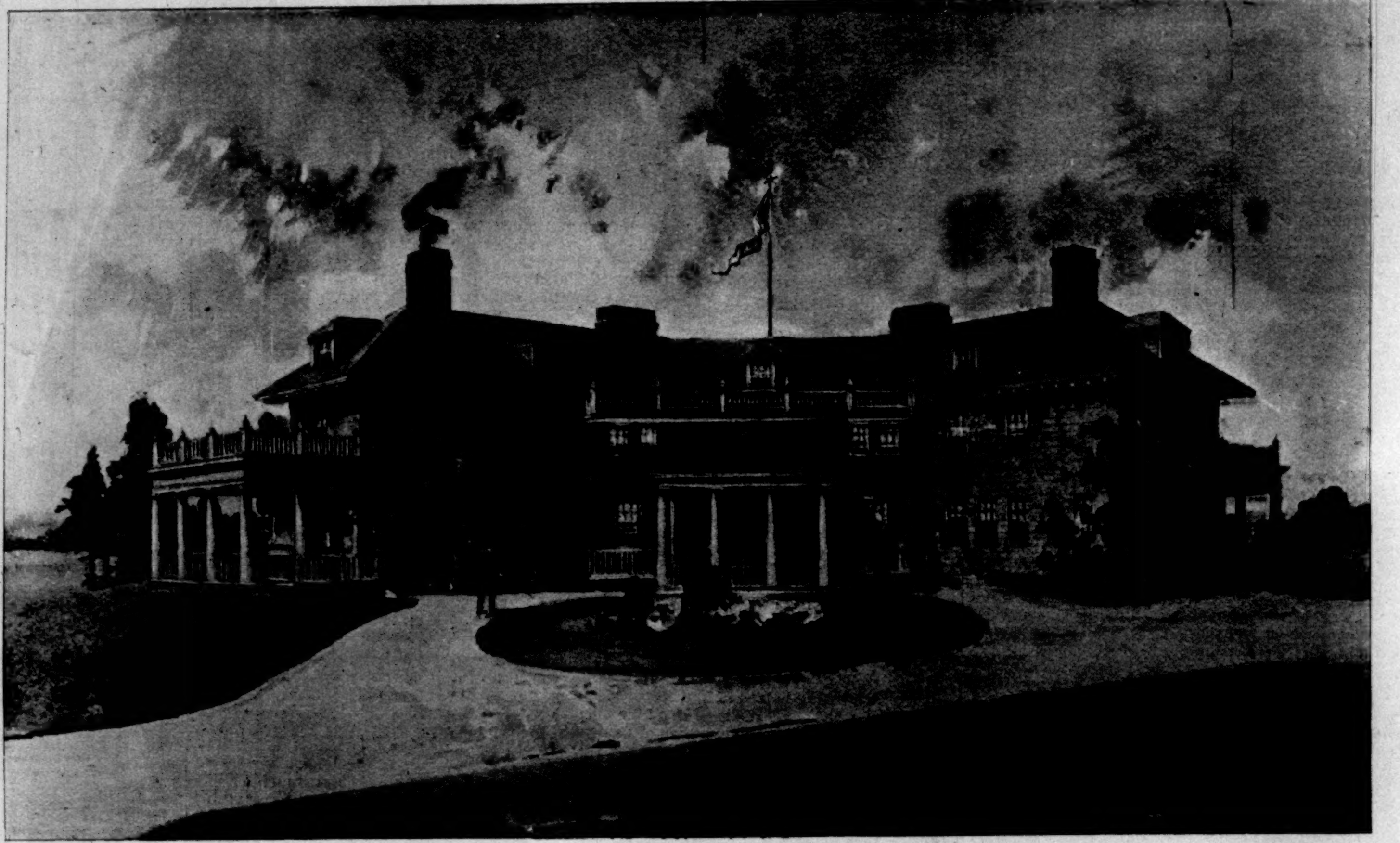
A LITTLE WORLD AWAITING THE ADVENT.

AT long intervals there drifts through the current of news a reminder of the inhabitants of the separate little world of Pitcairn Island, in the far Pacific. This community, as the great world has long known, is made up wholly of descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty* and their Tahitian wives, and once in a few years some vessel wandering over the main looks in upon it and reports the continuance of its placid existence. Once the little island was found to be overpeopled, and all its inhabitants consented to be transferred to Norfolk Island, but somehow the home sentiment had become rooted in its sunny valleys, and several families wandered back and started the life of the little world again.

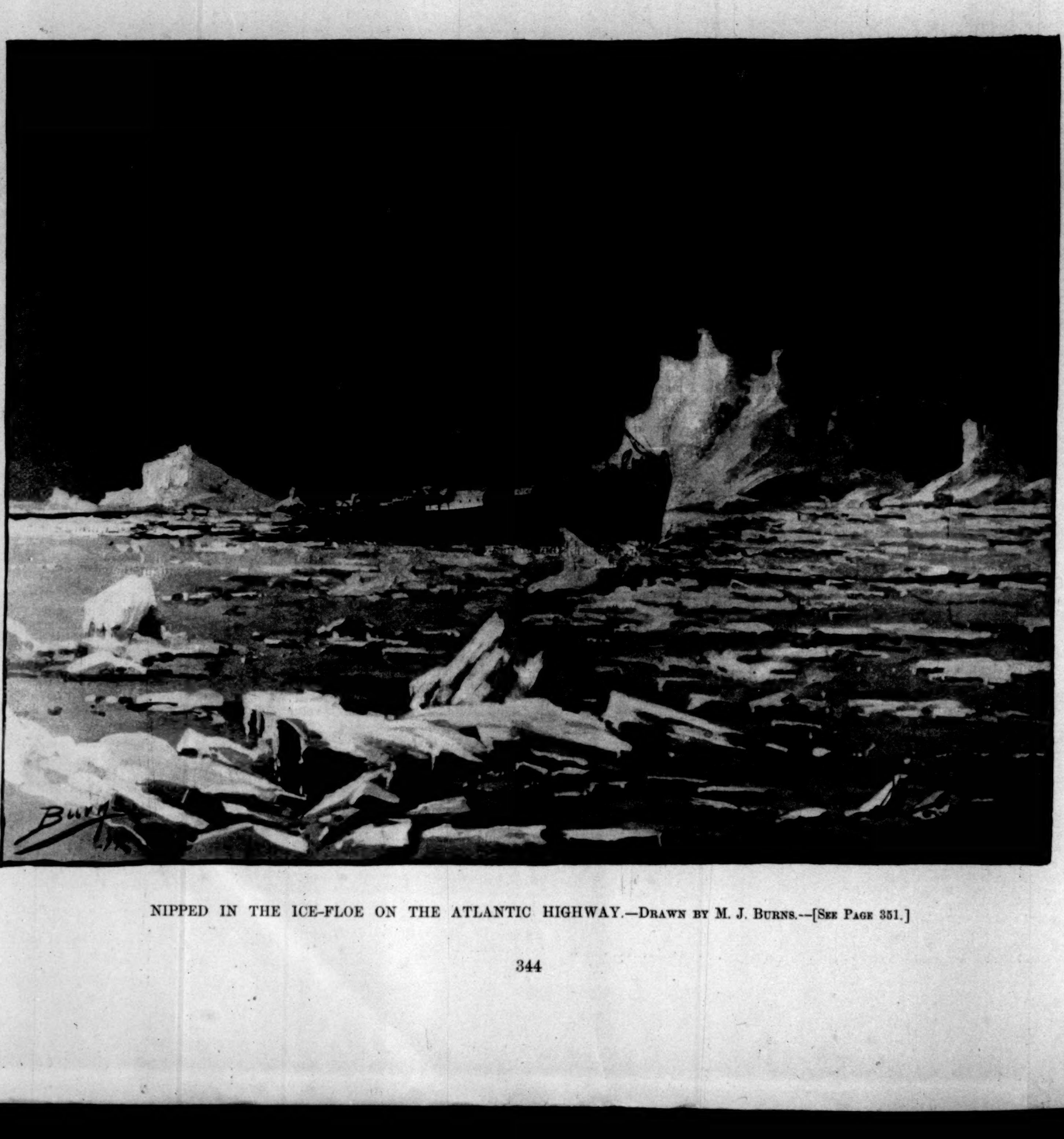
The latest intelligence from Pitcairn is that it has been visited by a Second Adventist missionary, who has converted the whole population to his faith and set it waiting for the coming of the Lord. There is a touch of pathos in this conversion of these few simple families on their isolated home, away from the track of the great world's commerce. The last survivor of the mutineers, Alexander Smith, who made a naïve pretence of concealing his identity by changing his name to John Adams, taught the generation that grew up about him the simple rudiments of English learning and the faith of the English Church. From that day these islanders have perhaps come nearer to living a simple Christian life than any other community on the face of the earth.

It is not strange if they have been easily led to a belief that the little world in which they live is nearing its end, and that the idyllic existence of a century and more is soon to be merged in a celestial existence beyond the seas and skies. For them the idea of the "last day" does not involve such tremendous concomitants as for the inhabitants of the kingdoms and principalities and republics of the earth of which they know so little.

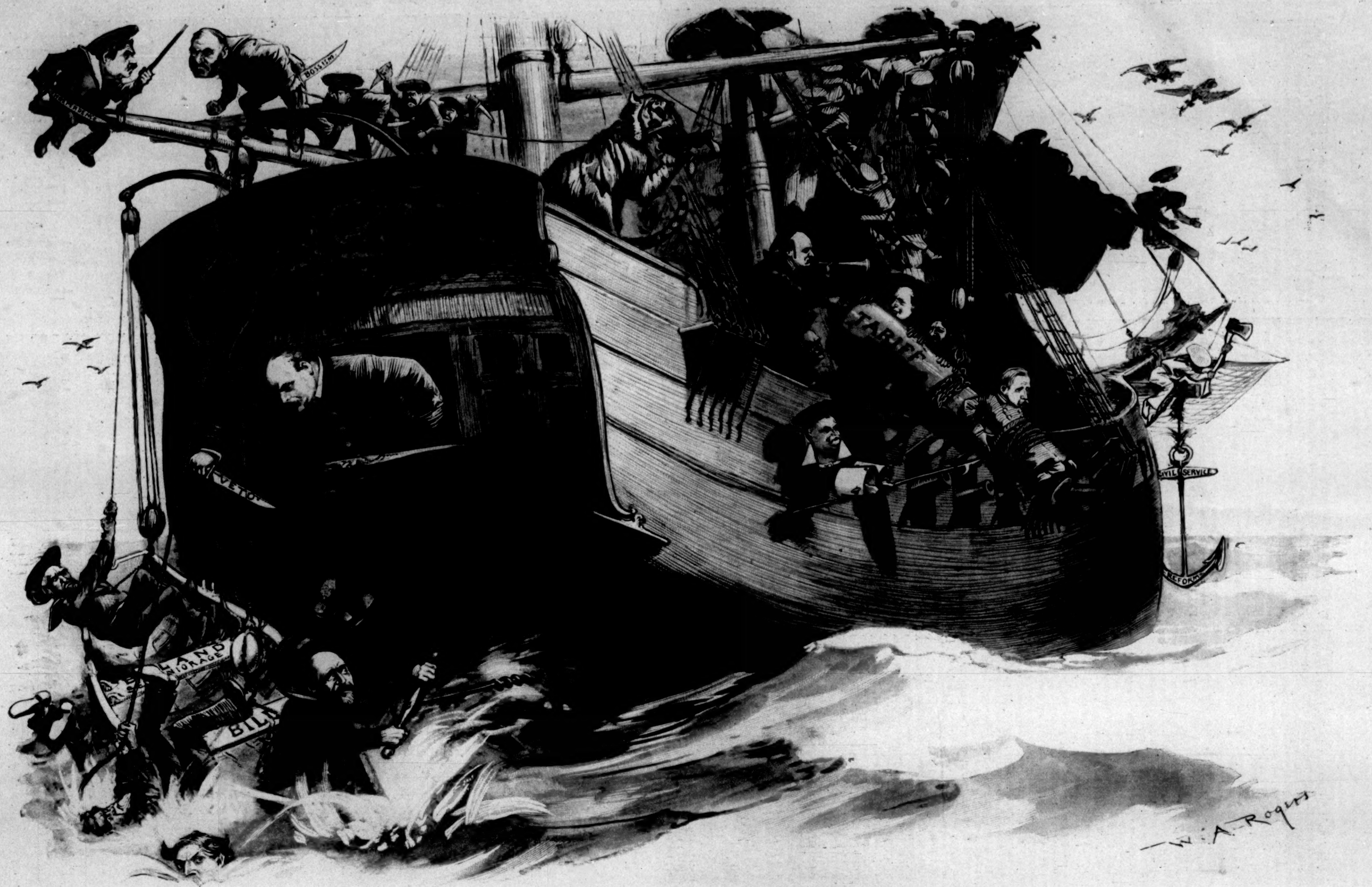
There is in this readiness of conversion to a belief in the second advent a suggestion of weariness with the monotony of life in that little island world; notwithstanding this, the home feeling has bound its people to it through three generations. Possibly it prefigures a coming willingness to depart from it, even though the destination should only be beyond the seas, and not beyond the skies. Any time these fifty years the people of Pitcairn could have been transported to Europe or America or to Australia, or to any of the more populous islands of the Southern Sea, by expressing the desire. But one would hesitate to wish in their behalf that they should be swept into the world's tumultuous life and disappear rather than hold their sequestered way, devoutly awaiting deliverance from on high, which will, at all events, come for them one by one, as for the rest of mankind.



PROPOSED HOUSE FOR THE ROCKAWAY HUNTING CLUB, LOOKING FROM NORTHEAST.—[See Page 351.]



NIPPED IN THE ICE-FLOE ON THE ATLANTIC HIGHWAY.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.—[See Page 351.]


INDEPENDENTS
BOSSISM
VETO
TARIFF
CIVIL SERVICE
REFORM
LAND
BIL
W. A. Rogers

MUTINY!—CAN THE CAPTAIN REGAIN CONTROL OF THE SHIP?

THIS BUSY WORLD

Writing very sanely and instructively in the *Forum* about the duty of educated men in a democracy, Mr. Godkin touches upon the matter of the distribution of property. It is no more unequal now, he says, than it always has been. "There is no wider interval now between the house of the modern rich man and the laborer's cottage than there was between the castle and hut of the Middle Ages." Perhaps not. The distance between the modern laborer and his millionaire may be as great as that between the hind and his feudal lord; but cannot this much at least be said, that there is a good deal less inducement for the modern laborer to traverse the whole of that distance than there was for the hind? The hind might go most of the way to lordship with increasing power and comfort and opportunity at every step, but the modern laborer has only to progress a very moderate way toward millionairedom before he finds himself in possession of so many creature comforts and so wide a field of opportunity that if he is a person of some philosophy it may be more or less indifferent to him whether he gets any further or not. He may get more power by going further, but again he may not. He may even get less power, both because of the increasing difficulty of protecting his possessions and because power in our day springs from the people, and the modern man of many millions is apt to find his aggravated fortune an impediment which the popular confidence does not easily surmount.

The men who nowadays seem to get as much as any one does out of life seem to be those who manage to have just about enough. They have as much solid comfort as there is in the market—more, a good deal, than Solomon in his glory or Elizabeth in her pride—and with it the minimum of worry. They are not anxious either for fear that they cannot spend their incomes or that some one else will do it for them. To inherit large measures of the earth or to capture them is hardly as lucrative a business as it was. The old planet is so much better worked than it used to be that a very little of it goes further than much larger shares did in older times.

For twenty-five consecutive years Dr. Eliot has been President of Harvard University. The celebration of his quarter-century of distinguished service falls naturally on next Commencement, and there has been some speculation among Harvard men as to what would be done to make the occasion memorable. The answer is out. The president and fellows have voted to abolish punch at Commencement, beginning this year. As is generally known, it has been the custom for some centuries past for each of the various Harvard classes that had living members to secure a room in one of the college buildings, where the members of the class could meet, and to provide food and drink suitable to such reunions. The beverages used on such occasions have been various, but have usually included rum and claret punch, and it has been a matter of rivalry between class secretaries that their several punches should be of exemplary and exceptional merit.

Harvard graduates, who have been used to go to Cambridge on Commencement day, and who have found innocent gratification in temperate indulgences with the comrades of their early youth, may still discover a measure of solace in the terms of the ukase which deprives them of their accustomed drink. It reads, "*Voted*, That hereafter no punches nor distilled liquors shall be allowed in any college room on Class day or Commencement day." It will be seen, therefore, that it is not a measure that prescribes absolute abstention. "Punches and distilled liquors" are forbidden, but wines and the lighter beverages may still be provided. Nothing is said that is prohibitory of champagne, or yet of claret, or the vintages of the Rhine, or of beer, or Apollinaris water, or ginger ale.

Various sorts of comment have been excited by the rumor that Mr. Leiter, of Chicago and Washington, may be the next ambassador of the United States at St. Petersburg. The most necessary qualification of an ambassador of the United States to St. Petersburg at present is that he should be able to afford to take the place. Mr. Leiter possesses that qualification at least. Very possibly he possesses other qualifications in abundance besides, but however that may be, if the cry is to be raised that he must not have the place just because he is rich, effort should first be made to increase the pay of all ambassadors of the United States to a sum that will cover the running expenses of their jobs. If rich men are not to be preferred for ambassadorships, Congress should make those glittering prizes less impossible for poor men.

Mr. Leiter has at least one good American reason for wishing to go abroad. He has built such a huge, great, handsome house in Washington that it is inevitable that he should want to get as far away from the cares of it as he can.

General Wallace protests that he has no intention of setting up a group of American Immortals, and that the bill of his invention which is to be brought before Congress simply provides for the selection of five citizens distinguished in art, science, literature, or invention, who shall choose ten more, and share with them the honor of certain special privileges in the government library. He has had occasion, it seems, to use the Congressional Library, and has found the conditions of study there irksome and inconvenient. If his bill asks no more than that, it asks little enough. One would have supposed that it was within the discretion of the librarian to allow distinguished authors or students to browse about among the books at their convenience, and unhampered by ordinary regulations.

What a singular crank is the man Coxey, and why hadn't he sense enough to wait for warmer weather, and what an interesting deliverance it would be if he would emulate the Pied Piper of Hamelin and march his remarkable aggregation of enthusiasts into some secure place where they could all find permanent accommodations! No doubt he is sane, legally sane, as yet. But what a very modest equipment legal sanity is if a person like Coxey can successfully establish his possession of it!

Mr. Lewis Morris has no sympathy with pessimists who declare that poetry is a lost art. "When was there better poetry than now," he asks, "since Shakespeare?" Though it is natural to expect that there will always be poetic periods of ebb and flow, he denies that the present is in any sense a period of ebb, and thinks that "only half-civilized people, blinded by the smoke of the suttee, and deafened by the tom-toms, on which, like other semisavages, they insisted when a great man died, could have imagined it." In his opinion there is a great reward of fame and usefulness opening before the writer who will set himself to reproduce the chief emotional features of modern life, its doubt, its faith, its trials, and aspirations, in some appropriate medium of verse. We shall have it, he believes, when the hour comes and the man, and it will sink deeper into the hearts and minds of men and women than any prose could, however good of its kind.

Thus he said in a recent London lecture. Contemporary poets will please take notice, preen the wings of their Pegasi, and renew their flights.

The contemporary small boy considers that no parent has done his whole duty who has omitted to avail himself of the last chances, now fast slipping away, to lay in a supply of Columbian postage-stamps for his use. The small boy feels that he is entitled to have not only all the Columbian stamps that are lacking to his personal collection, but a fund of them besides, which he can keep among his duplicates and swap in the fulness of time with lads whose parents were not good providers.

The large purchases of Columbian stamps by dealers and collectors has called attention to the very lively status of the stamp-collecting mania. It certainly is a mania of solid qualities, for after some twoscore years of existence it fails to show the first symptom of petering out. It has spread all over the civilized world, and with such increasing virulence that it is almost as hard in these days to raise a young family without postage-stamps as without soap. Really, if the annual sum that contemporary collectors spend on postage-stamps could be computed, it could hardly fail to make a respectable showing beside the amounts that were spent for tulips by the Dutch.

Moved by the dearth of space in Westminster Abbey for important monuments, an Englishman, Mr. Yates Thompson, has offered to contribute £38,000 to build a monumental chapel in immediate connection with the Abbey. His offer has been for several years under consideration by Commissioners, whose acceptance of it has been delayed by their inability to agree what to build and where to build it. The proposal which seems to have the best chance of adoption is to add a chapel to be connected with the Abbey at the Poets' Corner. Such a chapel must be both in harmony with the old building and subordinate to it, and the *Times*, though it recognizes the possibility of designing such a structure, is extremely doubtful whether any modern architect is quite fit to be trusted "with the perilous task of hitting the exact mean between servile insignificance and vain presumption." A Mr. Pearson has designed a chapel which meets with favorable attention, but if the Royal Commission is afraid to trust him with the job, an arrangement might possibly be made by which his designs could be submitted to the Committee on Art of the United States Senate. The *Times* and the Commission could be dead certain that if Mr. Pearson's plans could withstand the scrutiny of the Senate's Art Committee, they would be all right, and perfectly safe to use.

E. S. Martin.

THE STATE DISPENSARY WAR.

Darlington and Florence counties in South Carolina, according to Governor Tillman, have been in a state of insurrection and open rebellion. The unfortunate murder of a negro—an event which is ordinarily regarded in this section as of the smallest importance, but which now has assumed some magnitude because of the heated condition of the minds of the people—is responsible for the continuance of the military rule. It is a region where guns are pulled quick, and where men fight at the drop of the hat, as the saying is—a region where the passing of the lie is sufficient cause to shoot down a man in cold blood, as was proved by the case referred to above. The victim in this case was a negro cook in a hotel. He had given information against a man who he declared had robbed the local branch of the State dispensary. This individual took the cook to task. The cook said he had stated facts, and that anybody who denied them was a liar. Without a moment's warning the offended man whipped out a revolver and shot the cook through the heart.

The white people are about evenly divided on the question of whether the shooting was justified or not. Those who think it was not justified think that the white man was guilty merely of an error of judgment. They do not call the killing murder. With people of this nature to deal with it may easily be understood how even the smallest happening may precipitate another bloody riot. The chief element of danger at the present moment is the avowed determination of the Governor to reopen the local dispensaries. The people say they shall not be opened, and so far as can be judged they mean what they say. They are prepared to go to any extent to see that they are not. It is known that within the last few days a large number of Winchester rifles have been brought into the two counties.

It is the Governor's plan to send a number of his spies into each town where there is a dispensary to keep a watch on the incoming freight trains and express trains for contraband liquor, and on the police to see that they force an obedience to the obnoxious dispensary law. The presence of these spies will not be brooked. No less than a dozen prominent citizens who are known as conservatives, because they don't believe in shooting without taking time to decide whether it is necessary or not, have said to me within the last two hours that these spies, some of whom are in the cities of Darlington and Florence now, must leave when the militia leaves. If they don't leave they will be warned, and within twenty-four hours after the warning is given they may expect the adoption of stringent measures. The spies are fearless men, selected by the Governor because they are such, and with orders from the Governor, it is commonly believed, to shoot anybody who even insults them, and if they are arrested and efforts made to punish them he will pardon them. Thus, with determined men on either side, what will happen when these spies are ordered and refuse to leave town can be conjectured. There is yet hope, however, that the Governor will back down from his present position, and will await a more favorable time for opening the dispensaries. If he opens them now, it is safe to say that they will be promptly broken into again and looted, and that an attempt to save them will be followed by bloodshed.

Another element of danger now is the presence in Darlington of McClennan, the spy who fired the first shot. His shot killed Frank Norment, a prominent citizen. The people are determined that he shall be punished for murder. It was only after the most eloquent appeals to the hot-headed ones by the conservative citizens that an agreement was reached looking to the protection of this man should he be brought back into the county to testify at the coroner's inquest and to stand trial for the shooting.

In every community like this there are a great many men who talk loudly about what they will do. These men are not feared, but their talk serves to continually foment and stir up the passions of the men who don't talk, but who do fight. These men are now talking. Demands for peace come from business men. For a full week now the business of the two counties has been suspended. There has been trade only in the gun and revolver line.

W. J. Chamberlain.

THE HON. PATRICK WALSH.

The appointment of Hon. Patrick Walsh, of Georgia, to the United States Senate, to fill the unexpired term of the late Alfred H. Colquitt, confers this honorable distinction upon a man whose shoulders are amply broad to bear it.

Patrick Walsh was born in Limerick, Ireland, on January 1, 1840, and when eight years old he was brought by his parents to America, they locating in Charleston, South Carolina. At the age of thirteen he became an apprentice in the office of the Charleston *News*, and at eighteen a journeyman printer. Setting type at night, and attending school during the day, he obtained, through his indomitable energy, a sound rudimentary education. In 1859 he entered Georgetown College, but returned home when South Carolina seceded, and enlisted in the Meagher Guard, an Irish company attached to the First Regiment of South Carolina, and was assigned to duty, in the beginning of the war, on Sullivan's Island. The company disbanded soon afterward, and he removed to Augusta in 1862. His parents being advanced in years, and possessed of little or no means, he entered the office of the *Constitutionalist* and assisted in their support. He became city editor of this paper in 1863, and in 1866 the Southern agent of the New York Associated Press. The next year he took charge of the business management of the *Chronicle*, and in 1873, as the partner of Mr. H. Gregg Wright, then a leading Southern editor, bought the paper, which in 1877 absorbed, by consolidation, the *Constitutionalist*, since which time Mr. Walsh has had full control of the paper.

He was elected three times a member of the Legislature from Richmond County in the seventies. He went to the National Democratic Convention of 1884 as one of the delegates from the State at large. He was an earnest advocate of Cleveland's nomination for President at that time, and was vigorously opposed by the strong sentiment in the Georgia delegation in favor of the nomination of Mr. Bayard. He was emphatic in his belief that good politics demanded the nomination of Cleveland, and before the meeting of the convention the handful of Cleveland men on the delegation had convinced the majority of the delegation of the wisdom of such nomination, and the vote of Georgia was so recorded.

After the convention of 1884 Colonel Walsh opposed the effort to displace the tariff plank of the platform of that convention, and substitute for it the sweeping tariff-reduction policy that was being urged, and which afterwards received the approval of President Cleveland in his famous message of 1887. He believed that it was unwise and impolitic to precipitate such an issue upon the country on the eve of a Presidential election, and has held, from that day to this, that had the party manifested more conservatism, Mr. Cleveland would have been elected as his own successor.

The campaign of 1892 was one of intense severity in Georgia. For the first time since the war serious opposition was threatened the party in the organized activity of the Populists in every county in the State. The Democratic campaign committee, clearly realizing the gravity of the situation, made a determined fight for the preservation of the integrity of the Democratic ranks of the State. They took firm stand on the Democratic platform, and succeeded in demoralizing the ranks of the opposition by repeated assurances that if the party triumphed every pledge of the platform would be redeemed. Having been one of those who were active in bringing about the overwhelming Democratic majority polled by Georgia that year, Colonel Walsh has since been equally as earnest in urging compliance with every pledge of the platform. He is in favor of the free coinage of silver, and of the repeal of the ten-per-cent. tax on State-bank currency.

In the convention which nominated Colquitt for Governor for a third term Colonel Walsh led the Colquitt forces, lacking but a few votes of the necessary two-thirds required to nominate, and the convention finally adjourned, "recommending" Colquitt to the people by the adoption of Colonel Walsh's resolution offering this solution to the problem; but Colquitt was elected by a majority of fifty thousand.

Colonel Walsh is a devoted member of the Catholic Church, but is a man of exceeding liberality in all of his views, religious, political, or otherwise. He is a man of marked liberality, and (while a married man) having no children of his own, has educated several young men in Georgia colleges. He is a great believer in, and an enthusiastic worker for, the industrial development of the South.

Clark Howell.

NEW YORK'S CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

BY CHARLES E. FITCH.

THE sixth Constitutional Convention since New York became an independent commonwealth will begin its sessions in Albany on the second Tuesday of May. A body of this character, dealing with fundamental principles of government, and ordaining permanent regulations for its conduct, possesses a significance that does not attach to the proceedings of merely legislative assemblies, over which the Constitution is sovereign, itself the highest expression of the sovereignty of the people. A brief review of what New York has accomplished through such agencies will be pertinent, as preliminary to describing the *personnel* and indicating the scope of the coming convention. Written Constitutions are peculiarly an American development, evolved in all the States during the Revolution, and being, as has been well said, "the connecting links between the previous organic law of the colonies and the subsequent organic law of the Federal Union. They grew out of the colonial Constitutions, and they furnished the chief materials from which that latter instrument was derived." The first Constitution of New York was framed by the Fourth Provincial Congress, in 1777. In it the fourteen existing counties, with the exception of Richmond, were represented. It met in Kingston, July 9, 1776, with Peter R. Livingston, who was succeeded, March 6, 1777, by Abraham Ten Broeck, as president. It assumed the name of the Convention of Representatives of the State of New York, and, after ratifying the Declaration of Independence, appointed a committee of thirteen members, of which John Jay was chairman, to formulate the organic law. This committee, whose deliberations were impeded by the military operations, reported the proposed Constitution, March 12, 1777, and the convention adopted it substantially as presented. It went into effect immediately, without submission to the people. Indeed, Massachusetts was the only one of the original thirteen States which in the first instance referred its Constitution to the popular suffrage. Such reference is now imperative in all the States, as also is the antecedent expression of the popular will for holding a convention.

The New York Constitution, with its stately preamble, in which the Philadelphia declaration was incorporated, its affirmation of the sacred personal rights that had descended from Magna Charta and been enunciated by British Parliaments, its assertion of the principle of religious liberty, and its vindication of the authority of the people through the supremacy of the Assembly, is generally esteemed as the most liberal and enlightened of the early instruments alluded to, although it has been materially improved and broadened by revision. Among specific provisions was the ownership of an estate of the value of twenty pounds, or the payment of an annual rental of twenty shillings, as a qualification for the suffrage, extended to one hundred pounds in voting for Senators. The Senatorial districts were four in number, six Senators being elected from each. The Assembly consisted of at least seventy members, apportioned to the counties according to population. The Governor and Lieutenant-Governor were elected by the people for a term of three years. Other State officers, including the judiciary, were appointed by the Council of Appointment, which included one Senator from each district, selected each year by the Assembly, nominations to the Council being vested in the Governor, the higher judges being commissioned during good behavior, with an age limitation of sixty years. The Court of Errors, or of last resort, was composed of the Lieutenant-Governor and Senate, with the Chancellor and justices of the Supreme Court. There was also a Council of Revision, embracing the Governor, Chancellor, and any two justices of the Supreme Court, to whom all acts of the Legislature were presented for consideration and revision prior to their becoming laws, but they were also resolved into statutes by a two-thirds vote of the Legislature, notwithstanding the objections of the Council.

The popular features of the Constitution of 1777 have been retained for more than a century, and such changes as have been wrought have been to still further democratize the State by doing away with cumbersome machinery, enlarging the suffrage, curtailing official tenures, resolving appointive into elective incumbencies, especially those of the judiciary, and generally in bringing the functions of government nearer to the control of the masses.

The second Constitutional Convention was held in Albany October, 1801, with 107 delegates from thirty counties, Schoharie not being represented. Aaron Burr was president. It was in session but fourteen days, and its work was restricted to conferring equal powers with the Governor upon the Council of Appointment in nominations, and in increasing the number of Senators to thirty-two, and of Assemblymen to 100, the latter to be further increased after each census, until they should reach 150. The third convention met at the capital August 28th, and adjourned November 10th, 1821. Daniel D. Tompkins was president, and there were 126 delegates from fifty-two counties. The modifications effected by this body were considerable, all being in the direction of popular government, as distinguished from Parliamentary representation. The Council of Appointment was abolished, as was also that of Revision, the powers of the latter, as comprised in the veto prerogative, being relegated to the Governor. The terms of the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor were reduced to two years. Departmental officers were elected by joint ballot of the Legislature, and other non-elective officers were appointed by the Governor, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. Eight Senatorial districts were constituted, with four Senators from each, and the number of Assemblymen was fixed at 128, elected by counties, and apportioned according to population, each county, however, being entitled to one member. The elective franchise was extended to all who paid taxes or were exempt therefrom, or performed highway labor, or did duty in the militia or as firemen; but colored persons must have a freehold of $250 over and above all debts and incumbrances thereon. The judiciary remained as previously fashioned. The Constitution of 1821 was ratified by the people in February, 1822. By amendments subsequently adopted justices of the peace and mayors of cities, previously named by common councils, were made elective; manhood suffrage, with the restriction as to colored persons, retained, was ordained, and property qualifications for office were abrogated.

Succeeding years stimulated and fortified the sentiment in favor of a still larger measure of popular government, and this sentiment declared itself emphatically in the Constitution of 1846. The Democratic party was supreme in the State, and moulded the organic law in accordance with its views. The convention of that year consisted of 128 members from fifty-eight counties, chosen on the Assembly basis. It met in Albany June 1st, and adjourned October 9th. John Tracy was president, and leading representatives of the Democratic and Whig organizations participated in its deliberations, although, as has been said, the Democrats were in a decided majority. Among the delegates were Ira Harris, Richard P. Marvin, George W. Patterson, Lemuel Stetson, Ambrose L. Jordan, Michael Hoffman, Arphaxad Loomis, Henry C. Murphy, Charles O'Conor, Samuel J. Tilden, Levi S. Chatfield, Samuel Nelson, John K. Porter, Churchill C. Cambreling, and William B. Wright. By the Constitution thus framed, and ratified by the people November 3d, State and local officers became generally elective by the people, and thirty-two Senatorial and 128 Assembly districts were erected, each county, with the exception of Hamilton, being still entitled to one member of Assembly. The judiciary was radically reconstructed. A Court of Appeals, with eight judges, four of whom were chosen by the electors of the State for a term of eight years, and four were selected from the justices of the Supreme Court having the shortest time to serve, was established. The Supreme Court was divided into eight districts, with four elective justices in each, the term being eight years, the first incumbents, however, being allotted two, four, six, and eight years respectively. The repeal of the property qualification for colored citizens, being submitted as a separate proposition, was defeated overwhelmingly, and non-property-holders among them did not obtain the suffrage until many years later, when the Fifteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution became operative.

The fifth Constitutional Convention met in the Assembly Chamber June 4, 1867, and adjourned February 28, 1868, a recess meanwhile having been taken from September 24th to November 12, 1867, the Common Council Chamber of Albany being occupied during the time that the sessions were contemporaneous with those of the Legislature. William A. Wheeler was president of the convention, which was composed of 160 delegates, thirty-two being elected at large, and 128 by Senatorial districts, four from each. The enabling act provided that in voting for the delegates at large the electors should be restricted to sixteen names upon their ballots, equal representation being thus assured to the two political parties, and inspiring each to nominate its ablest men. The body, with a Republican majority, was thus an especially distinguished one upon both sides. Among the delegates at large were Charles Andrews, Sanford E. Church, George F. Comstock, George William Curtis, William M. Evarts, Charles J. Folger, Augustus Frank, Horace Greeley, Ira Harris, Francis Kernan, Henry C. Murphy, George Opdyke, Alonzo C. Paige, Augustus Schell, Martin I. Townsend, Smith M. Weed, and William A. Wheeler. Among the district delegates were Erastus Brooks, Abraham R. Lawrence, Jun., Elbridge T. Gerry, Gideon J. Tucker, James Brooks, Edwards Pierrepont, Samuel J. Tilden, Abraham B. Tappen, John M. Francis, William Cassidy, Erastus Corning, Amasa J. Parker, Judson S. Landon, Matthew Hale, Leslie W. Russell, Milton H. Merwin, Theodore W. Dwight, Thomas G. Alvord, Horatio Ballard, Frank Hiscock, Charles E. Parker, Charles C. Dwight, Elbridge G. Lapham, George W. Clinton, and George Barker. The convention, embracing many able lawyers and scholars, was the arena of exalted and elaborate debate, and its discussions fill five large volumes; but its proposed Constitution was rejected at the polls, with the exception of the judiciary article, which extended the terms of the higher judges to fourteen years, made a chief judge and six associates in the Court of Appeals, all elective at large, and eliminated therefrom representation of Supreme Court justices. Although thus summarily disposed of, something of the work of the convention has been preserved through the medium of constitutional commissions, and the adoption by the people of constitutional amendments duly submitted by the Legislature.

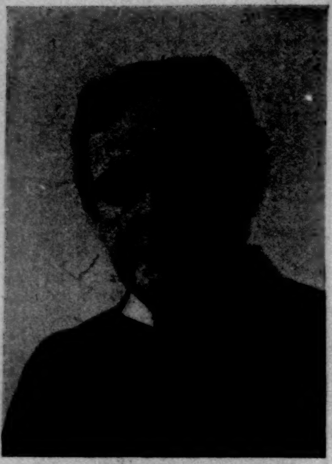
At the general election in 1886 another convention was ordered, but its formal calling was for some years delayed. With the Legislature and the Governor in political accord, the act was ordained for the election in November last of fifteen delegates at large and five from each Senatorial district to a convention to be held on the second Tuesday of May, 1894. Ignoring the precedent of 1867, no provision was made for minority representation, the Democrats being confident of electing the delegates at large as well as a majority from the districts. Among the surprises of the political revolution of 1893 in New York not the least was that of the Republican majority returned to the convention, including the delegates at large, and the Republicans not unnaturally claim this result as a certain poetic justice ensuing upon the refusal of the Democratic managers to concede similar representation to that of 1867. The convention will consist of 103 Republican and 72 Democratic delegates, thus placing the organization in the hands of the Republicans, and investing them with the chief responsibility of constitutional revision. The *personnel* of the delegates promises an intelligent and conservative consideration of the various ideas that will be offered, and the dominant party will not be likely to urge violent departures from the existing Constitution. It must certainly appreciate the unwisdom and impropriety of proposing changes purely for the assumed partisan advantage that may accrue therefrom. Many of the delegates are young men, with State reputations yet to achieve, but there is a considerable number of men of ripe experience and recognized ability. Three Republicans, John M. Francis, Thomas G. Alvord, and Augustus Frank, and three Democrats, John G. Schumacher, William D. Veeder, and Gideon J. Tucker, were members of the convention of 1867. Each has held other positions of honor and usefulness in the public service. Mr. Francis has for many years been the chief editor and proprietor of the Troy *Times*, one of the most influential of provincial journals, and has represented the republic at the courts of Greece, Portugal, and Austria. Mr. Alvord, now eighty-four years of age, is the legislative Nestor of the State, having served fifteen terms in the Assembly, first in 1844, and last in 1882, being Speaker in 1858, 1864, and 1879, and Lieutenant-Governor in 1865 and 1866. Mr. Frank was a Representative in the Thirty-sixth, Thirty-seventh, and Thirty-eighth Congresses, covering the entire period of the war, and was a Presidential elector in 1888. Mr. Schumacher was District Attorney of Kings County from 1857 until 1860, and a Representative in the Forty-first, Forty-third, and Forty-fourth Congresses. Mr. Veeder was a member of Assembly in 1865 and 1866, Surrogate of Kings County from 1867 until 1877, and a Representative in the Forty-fifth Congress. Mr. Tucker was Secretary of State from 1858 until 1860, member of Assembly in 1866, and Surrogate of New York County from 1863 until 1870. Other well-known Republican members are the eminent lawyers Joseph H. Choate and Elihu Root; William H. Baker, Representative in the Forty-fourth and Forty-fifth Congresses; John I. Gilbert, Assemblyman and Senator; Commodore P. Vedder, with a very extended service in both branches of the Legislature; Daniel H. McMillan, for one term a Senator; and Louis Marshall, a member of the last constitutional commission. Charles B. Morton, William H. Steele, Henry J. Cookinham, John C. Davies, D. Gerry Wellington, George Barrow, Henry R. Durfee, George R. Cornwell, Milo M. Acker, William Pool, and I. Sam Johnson have been members of Assembly; William P. Goodelle, Charles S. Mereness, Ceylon H. Lewis, William H. Baker, Abraham C. Crosby, and Oscar A. Fuller have been district attorneys of their respective counties; and among others, who command respect for their legal attainments, are Frederick W. Holls, Edward Lauterbach, John F. Parkhurst, Frank H. Hamlin, Charles A. Hawley, and Tracy C. Becker.

Among Democrats not already named may be mentioned De Lancey Nicoll, District Attorney of New York County; John Bigelow, editor and author, Secretary of State, and minister to France; Frank T. Fitzgerald, Representative in Congress; Leonard A. Giegerich, Assemblyman, and judge in New York city; Joseph Koch, State Senator; Henry D. Hotchkiss, Assemblyman; Delos McCurdy, Surrogate of Rockland County; Charles H. Truax, Judge of the Superior Court of New York city; Nelson J. Waterbury, Judge-Advocate-General of the State, District Attorney of New-York County, and one of the commissioners to frame the "Code of Civil Procedure"; William McMurtrie Speer, editor of the Albany *Argus;* Andrew H. Green, Comptroller of New York city; John A. Griswold, District Attorney and Judge, of Greene County; George H. Bush, for several terms a leading member of Assembly from Ulster; Roswell A. Parmenter, State Senator; A. Bleecker Banks, Assemblyman, Senator, and Mayor of Albany; and Edwin Countryman, now of Albany, but formerly District Attorney of Otsego, and a justice of the Supreme Court.

The questions likely to engage the attention of the convention are not yet clearly defined, and some may not have been suggested. There is, indeed, a well-grounded conviction in the public mind, with which a majority of the delegates will doubtless sympathize, that a wholesale revision of the Constitution of 1846 is not demanded, that it has, in the main, with the provision made for its amendment, well served the State for half a century, and that it is competent for administration for years to come. There are, however, certain subjects which will have at least earnest investigation and careful discussion, and among these will be the suffrage, municipal government, corporations, and the judiciary. Various suggestions for further safeguards for the purity and freedom of the ballot-box will doubtless be presented, and it will be for the convention to decide what measures of reform in these regards shall be embodied in the Constitution, and how much may be safely left to legislative action. The invention of machines for registering the will of the electors will also suggest a modification of Section 5 of Article II. of the Constitution, which renders the ballot imperative at all general elections by citizens. These devices have so commended themselves to public favor at the town meetings, where they have been utilized, by the celerity, precision, and efficiency of their action, as to prompt the convention to modify the clause indicated, if judicial interpretation of the term "ballot" does not intervene to render constitutional expression thereof unnecessary. This is said, of course, upon the assumption that the convention, and subsequently the people, will appreciate the superiority of voting by machine over the present method. It is not probable that the appeal of woman for the privilege of voting will be wholly ignored. The advocates of woman suffrage are engaged in an active canvass in its behalf, and will flood the convention with petitions and memorials. In New York, as in other Eastern States, it has not had constitutional sanction. In the convention of 1867 it had an insignificant showing when the votes were counted, although George William Curtis made an eloquent speech in favor of striking out the word "male" in the suffrage qualification clause. All that is now hoped for by its intelligent advocates is that it may be presented to the electors as a separate proposition, for the convention will hardly hazard its complete work by incorporating so radical a change in the text of the Constitution, and its champions should be satisfied with the opportunity to have the people pass upon it in its integrity.

There is no issue more exigent, none which evokes more serious thought, than that of the proper government of cities, of which New York has over thirty within her borders, including the metropolis of the continent, with its teeming population and its multifarious industries. The imbecility, extravagance, waste, and corruption of municipal administration are patent evils which all good citizens deplore, but the remedies for which are difficult both of discovery and application. The belief is widely entertained that some measure of relief and reform can be afforded through constitutional prescription of uniform charters and better definition of official responsibilities, but the problem is a weighty and perplexing one for the convention to solve, involving as it does so many inconstant factors, and the determination of constitutional jurisdiction in the premises. The opinion that the State suffers from over-legislation will find expression in the proposition for biennial sessions of the Legislature, and the convention is expected to pass upon it with due regard to the import of the criticism, and the vast and various interests that in such a great State require the attention of the law-making body. The investiture of Boards of Supervisors with enlarged and final legislative powers are also proposed should biennial sessions carry. Nor is the convention likely to avoid the grave issue of the relations of the State to private corporations—the limitations that should be imposed, as well as the franchises and immunities that may be conferred upon them. There is no subject worthy of more serious thought than that of the scope of State control of the corporations it charters, and none which should have more candid, intelligent, and judicious determination from a body charged with the duty of revising the organic law.

The release of the Court of Appeals from the burden of litigation that embarrasses it will be another question for consideration, and plans either for re-enforcing that court or conferring the final decision of certain classes of cases upon the Supreme Court, have already been outlined. Indeed, it is probable that the entire judiciary article will be revised.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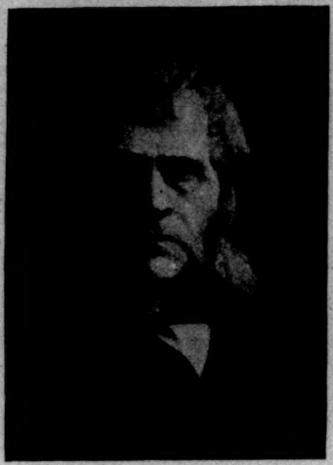
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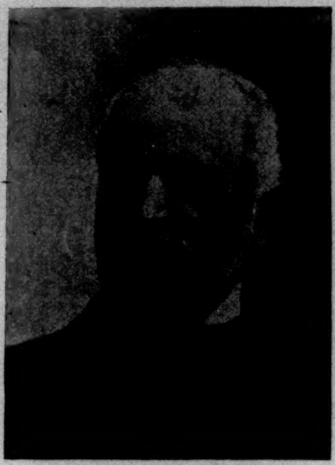
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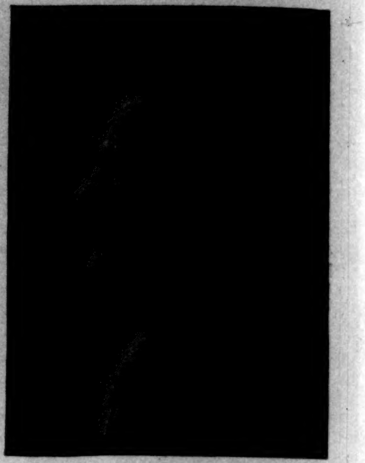
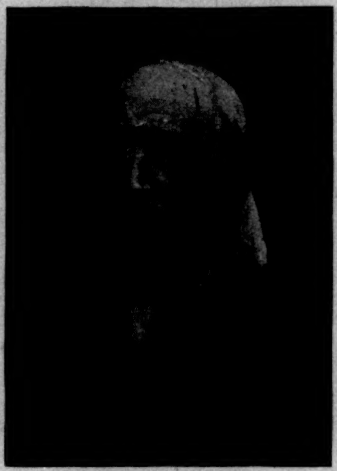
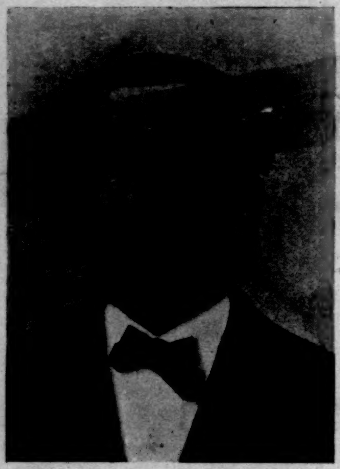

MILO M. ACKER.

DANIEL H. McMILLAN.

JOHN M. FRANCIS.


THOMAS G. ALVORD.

EDWARD LAUTERBACH.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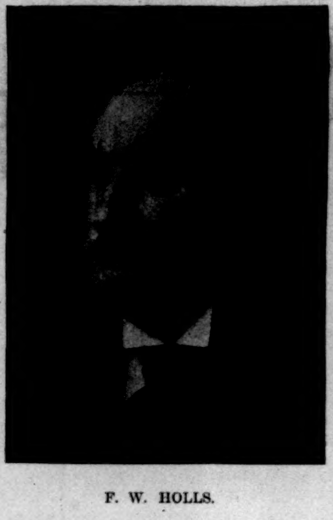
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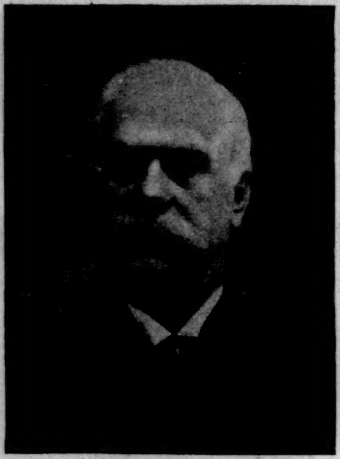
WILLIAM D. VEEDER.

CHARLES A. HAWLEY.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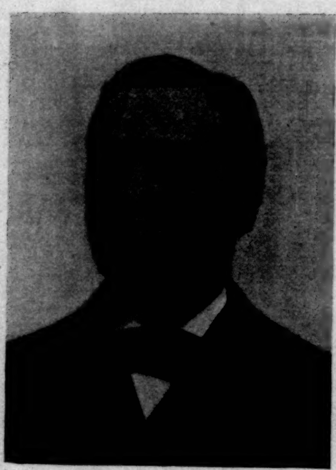
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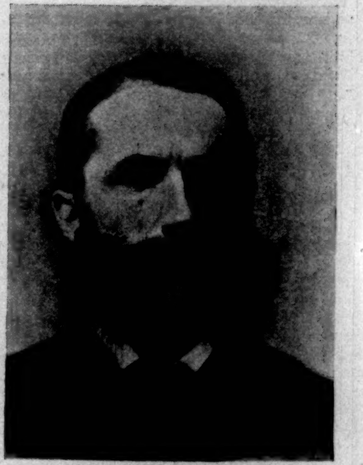

JOHN I. GILBERT.

SOME PROMINENT DELEGATES TO THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

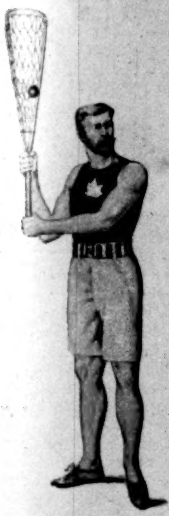
AMATEVR · SPORT

AN UNAPPRECIATED GAME.

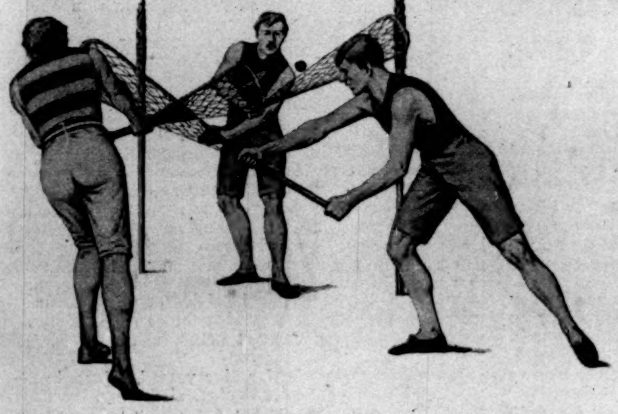
BY CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

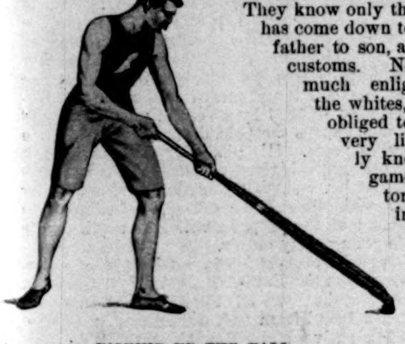
ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN FROM LIFE BY ARTHUR H. H. HEMING.

ONE of the least appreciated and yet most thoroughly enjoyable games, to participant and spectator alike, is lacrosse. Why it has never been more popular in the United States, why not generally taken up, as baseball and football have been, is a question I have asked myself very often. I think those who have seen lacrosse played will agree with me that, especially for the spectator, it has even more charms than our two most popular games, football and baseball. It is a sport in which every player on each side is constantly being called upon, and always with a chance for brilliant work. It differs from football in being absolutely intelligible to the most uninformed layman, and from baseball in giving more opportunities for play to more men on the same side simultaneously. So far as its beneficial properties as a general, healthful, and vigorous sport go, I really think, from an all-round point of view, that there is no game that excels it, or even equals it, not even football. It calls for accurate judgment and prompt decision, quickens and brightens the mind, takes the timidity out of a boy, and gives him instead confidence, pluck, and control of his temper; in other words, it makes a man of him. As for the spectator, there is no game in the world so attractive. It is simplicity itself, and one may divine its purport with the very first game one sees. It abounds in open and beautiful plays, and the onlooker sees the pretty stops of goal-keepers, the long throws and checking of the defensive players, the fast running and dodging of the centres, and the clever tipping and stick-work of the attacks.


AN OVERTHROW.

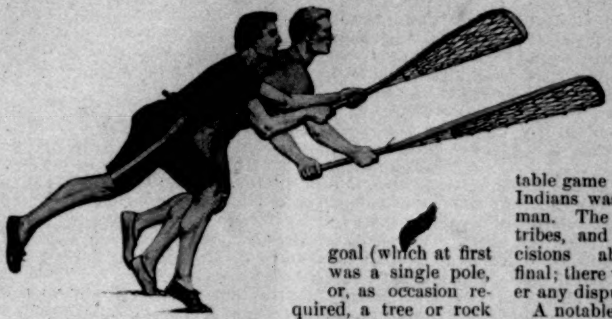
It has been asserted that lacrosse resembles, and may possibly have its origin in, the Irish game of coman, but careful research fails to discover anything more than the generic resemblance which exists between all games played with ball and bat. Lacrosse is an Indian game, and, like the Indians themselves, from whom we derive it, its origin fades into obscurity. It is an impossibility to learn anything of its very early history. The Indians know nothing save what has been handed down to them from generation to generation, and that little has been very imperfectly preserved. Even their traditions of lacrosse are scarce. They know only that the game has come down to them from father to son, as have their customs. Nor are we much enlightened by the whites, and we are obliged to accept the very little actually known of the game's early history, bearing in mind that the relations of Indians and the early white settlers were rather of a bellicose than a sporting nature, and our forefathers more likely to be familiar with the weapons of the Indians than with their instruments of recreation.


A TRY FOR GOAL.

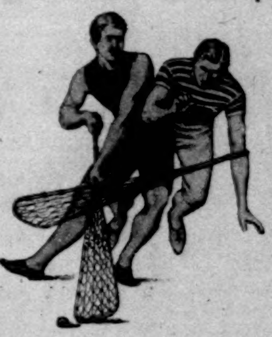

PICKING UP THE BALL.

The most satisfactory record of the early history of lacrosse is the result of Mr. W. G. Beers's research. His little pamphlet put forth in 1860 was the first publication, I believe, of the game, and about twenty years later, after much careful study, he brought out the best volume on the subject we have ever had, and from which we gather most. It is to this little volume that we are indebted for what we know of this typical American game in its infancy.

Lacrosse originally bore the name which each tribe of Indians gave to a ball. The Iroquois, who were counted to be the most skilful players in those early days, called the game Tehontshiksakeks; the Algonquins, Teiontsesiksaheks; the Ojibways, Baggataway; while the cross the Iroquois called Teionstikwahektawa, and the Algonquins, Tessaanaton. The goal (which at first was a single pole, or, as occasion required, a tree or rock that happened to be near) was called by the Iroquois Iorhenoketo-Ohikta.

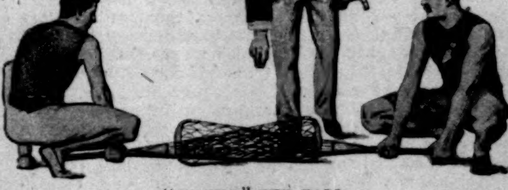

WELL CHECKED.

With no written history and such formidable names to burden it, small wonder the early record of the game is wanting. It may be consoling in a degree, however, to know that the simplicity of the first game precludes there being a great deal back of what we have by persistent groping become possessed of. It must have been and was a simple form the Indians followed in their earliest struggles, easily understood by studying our present play. Of one thing we are certainly assured, the early Indian game could not have been more vigorous. It was practically a combat, requiring union of undaunted strength, agility, and endurance. There was no limit to the number of participants, sometimes 600, 800, and even 1000 players engaging in the play, while the field was equally changeable, averaging all the way from 500 yards to one-half mile in length, in accordance with the number of players. The goal, as has already been said, was a single pole or a convenient rock or tree. Some tribes required the ball to be thrown past the goal-line, others that the pole or rock be struck by the ball; still others again used the two-pole goal, in which case it was necessary to send the ball between the posts, as with the game of to-day.


A HIP-LOCK.

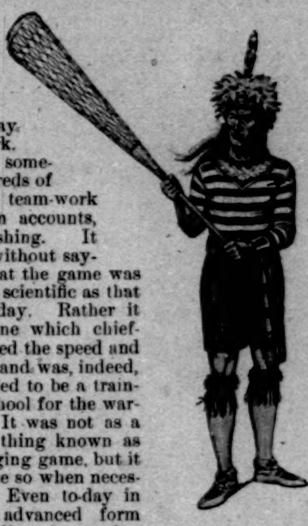
Differing from the games of the ancients, lacrosse of the Indians was not of a religious nature, nor had it any connection whatsoever with superstitious rites in worship of the Great Spirit. It was decidedly a sport from first to last, and one in which the impetuosity and vigor of a wild nature were let loose. It developed nature's athletes in the highest degree, and gave young warriors a hardy lesson in close and vigorous combat. Regular tournaments were held from time to time, to which the members of different tribes gathered from far and near. At other times there were great matches of tribes against tribes, or villages against villages, and these very often were attended with quite an elaborate ceremony the night before the competition. Such matches consisted sometimes of even as many as one hundred games, and lasted several days.

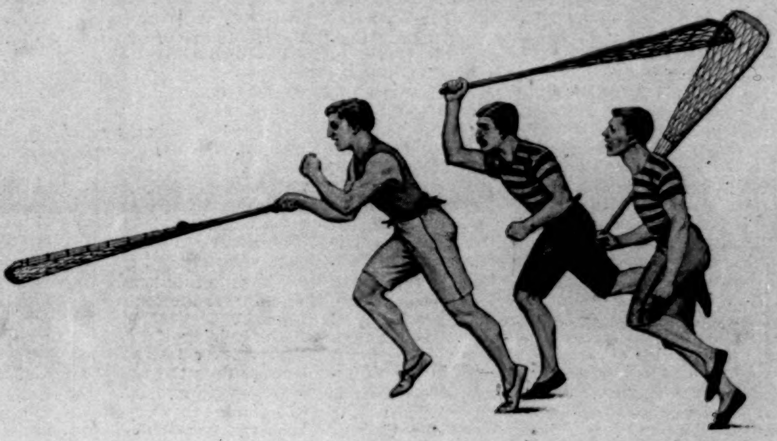
It is amusing to note a resemblance between those first lacrosse-players and our football-players of to-day in keeping the spectators on tiptoe for a glimpse of the gladiators before the affray. It was traditional with the Indians for the players to keep religiously out of sight of spectators until the umpire called time, when they came on the field with much shouting and parading of might. So to-day it is equally the custom for the football eleven to remain in their dressing-room until shortly before the time of play, when they trot out on the field amid the cheers of their sympathizers. And there was even some training in those early days.


"FACING" THE BALL.

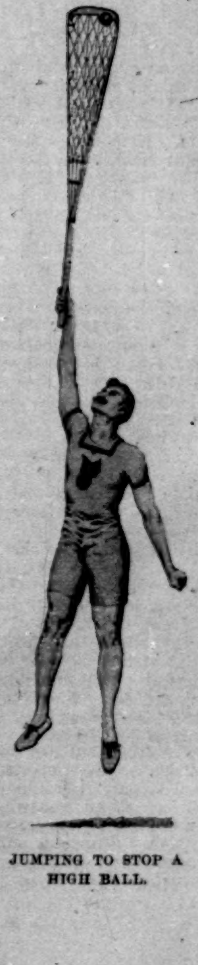
The players that had been chosen for the contest refrained from all excesses for about two weeks before the match; but it will open the eyes of present-day authorities on training to know that these same Indians spent the night before their great struggle in dancing and singing, and other antics of like description. The game was started by the umpire's throwing the ball in the air, on which there was a general scramble for its recovery. And what a game it must have been! Everything was permissible—tripping, leaping, roughness; in fact, any and every means was allowable to stop the progress of the runner. Compared with it, football is a veritable game of battledoor and shuttlecock. The dress of the Indians was the simple breech-cloth of the primitive red man. The umpires were the oldest medicine-men of the tribes, and their decisions absolutely final; there was never any disputing.

A notable feature of the Indian game was the absolute sinking of all individual play into general team-work. Even with teams that sometimes consisted of hundreds of players the team-work was, from accounts, astonishing. It goes without saying that the game was not so scientific as that of to-day. Rather it was one which chiefly tested the speed and wind, and was, indeed, intended to be a training-school for the warrior. It was not as a usual thing known as a dodging game, but it became so when necessary. Even to-day in their advanced form the Indians do not play so scientific a game as do the whites. Nor is it a fact that all Indians are good players, though the expertness of Indian boys is surprising; but they appear to have a natural aptitude for the game, and certainly when brought together their best teams seem to have more wind than the pale-faced opponents. Although the tribes varied in the style of their cross and ball, the game nevertheless preserved its general character. The cross of the Choctaws, Chippeways, Cherokees, and the Creeks was three feet long, with an oblong loop about three by two inches, which was just about large enough to hold the ball. That of the Sacs, Sioux, Ojibways, Dakotas, and Pottawatomies was of the same length, with a round loop twelve inches in diameter, of which the illustration (1700) gives a good idea. Both of these were bagged to hold the ball, and sometimes highly ornamented with feathers, etc. At first the strings were small roots of the spruce-tree, but afterwards of deer-skin. The Choctaws, Chippeways, Cherokees, and Creeks carried two of these sticks, one in each hand, the ball being caught and carried between them. The original ball was of deer-skin, stuffed with hair and sewed with sinews, or it was a knot fashioned round, or a ball made from the bark of a pine-tree. Thus it was the Indians played the game probably generations before the whites ever saw it.


AN IROQUOIS PLAYER.


RUNNING WITH THE BALL.

When we first began to play lacrosse it is hard to say, though certainly the scene of our first efforts was in Canada, to whose players, indeed, we are indebted for the game as it comes to us in its present scientific form. Therefore any article on lacrosse without a bit of its Canadian history would be decidedly incomplete.


JUMPING TO STOP A HIGH BALL.

Just when the game was first played by the Canadians it is hard to say. Though never as popular as it is to-day, it has not reached its present thriving condition without its setbacks. Unquestionably, it must have been played early in the present century, but there is no record of its existence until 1850, when the Montreal club, which has been called the *alma mater* of the white game, organized and played matches with the Indians; though they must have been much inferior to the red men, for it is recorded they captured but one match. Of the Montreal club's history little is known, except that it did not thrive in its early days. Lacrosse may be said to have first become popular in 1860, when the efforts of the Montreal club and the exhibitions of the Iroquois Indians gave the game its first impetus. This was increased the following year by a match between the whites and Indians for the pleasure of the Prince of Wales, who was visiting the Dominion. It was in this year also that Mr. Beers published his little pamphlet, and made the first attempt to reduce the game to a set of rules. Unfortunately, after this good start, the game seemed to lose some of its popularity about Montreal with the departure of the Prince of Wales.

In the mean time, however, a club had been formed at Ottawa, which did the game a great service by defeating Montreal, for in the effort to retrieve their lost laurels an increased interest was awakened once more in lacrosse. In 1867 the Montreal club framed the first laws of lacrosse, and the same year called a convention of Canada clubs, which resulted in the organization of the National Lacrosse Association of Canada.

The game had now begun to have a very healthful growth, and the fever had even spread across the Atlantic, a club being formed the same year at Glasgow, Scotland. In that same year, too, eighteen Iroquois Indians from Caughnawaga travelled through England and France, playing exhibition games, with the result that lacrosse was given a start in London, where several clubs and an association patterned after the Canada one sprung up. But the game at this period was very little like what it is to-day, being patterned more after the Indian style of a general scramble to get the ball from one goal to another.

As we see it to-day, lacrosse began to crystallize about '76. The first sign of development was the repudiation of the old bagged cross, and the making of the netting of the stick as we have it to-day, with no bagging allowed, and the stick of any length. This was followed by reducing the size of the fields until the goals were from 125 to 200 yards apart, and by restricting the number of players, which was followed by the dodging and fielding, and the beginning of the remarkably clever checking, such as we see to-day.

From that time the game has had as marked a growth in Canada as football has had in the United States. Its popularity has spread over all the Dominion. It is played everywhere, and in one's travels through Canada one will see the baseball and bat of young America replaced by the cross. It is played by the youngsters as soon as they are strong enough to wield the stick, and afterwards at their schools and colleges. It is beyond doubt the national game of Canada, and what it is accomplishing is apparent to every visitor, for nowhere will one see finer specimens of boyhood and young manhood in their rugged health and strength. Without losing any of my admiration for football, I must confess, having played them both, that for an all-round developer lacrosse is the greatest game played by civilized man. It cultivates all the qualities that football does, some of them more, and is attended by fewer accidents.

I wish the history of lacrosse in the United States made as happy reading as that of Canada, but it does not, and more's the pity. Why it is so is simply incomprehensible to me, unless it be that we have been so busy chasing football and baseball as to have had no time for the Indian game. There might be a grain of comfort in this gloomy retrospection were the prospects of lacrosse bright, but, alas! there is even more discouragement ahead than in the past, judging from the last two seasons.

I have written to the principal colleges in the different sections of the country, and, of them all, lacrosse is played at only the Johns Hopkins, Lehigh, and Stevens Universities. At Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and the Univ. of Pa., in the middle West, the South, and in the extreme West, the game, so far as I can learn, is not played at all, and in some localities is hardly known. It really is inconceivable that so grand a game should be so neglected. Here and there an athletic club sports a team, the best known being the Druids of Baltimore, the Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy, the Staten Island Athletic and the New York Athletic clubs, the last being practically the old Brooklyn team. If there are any other athletic club teams in the country which play lacrosse I have never heard of them.

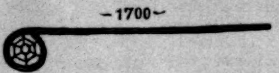
The game came into the United States shortly after it began to flourish in Canada, the first club being the Mohawk, of Troy, which was shortly followed by the Maple Leaf, of Buffalo. The early history of these clubs and of the game in the United States is very obscure. Probably along in the eighties it reached its greatest popularity, which was never very great among the college men themselves, though the spectators have always flocked to their exhibitions. In 1882 the United States Intercollegiate Lacrosse Association was organized, and some excellent contests were had between the teams of Harvard, Princeton, Stevens, and the University of New York, but the game was probably at its height in 1886, when Lehigh defeated Stevens. The following season, '87, Lehigh won five out of six matches, defeating, among others, the strong Brooklyn Club, then one of the best teams in the country. Encouraged by this success, Lehigh in '88 applied for admission to the Intercollegiate Association, and in her initial season gained third place, Princeton winning the championship and Harvard being second.

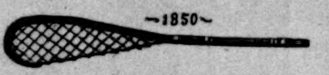
In '89 Lehigh won the Harvard game, and was only beaten by Princeton, thus taking second place, and Harvard this year withdrew from the association. In '90 Lehigh defeated Princeton, and won the championship of the colleges in the United States. Princeton withdrew from the association, which left Lehigh, Johns Hopkins, and Stevens. In '91 and '92 Lehigh took third place, being defeated by Johns Hopkins and Stevens respectively. Last year Lehigh had the best team in her history, and it is doubtful if a better has ever been put forth in the United States, and few better in Canada. They won the college championship with ease, defeated all the best amateur teams of the country, and lost to the University of Toronto, the champions of Canada, only after a hard struggle.

I have dwelt somewhat on Lehigh here, because on her and Johns Hopkins seem to hang all our hopes of the game's survival. Princeton, after dropping out of the association, abandoned it, and it is now played only in a desultory way by individuals. There is no organized team there, nor at Harvard or Yale or any other college, so far as I can learn. Here in New York we have the Staten Island and the New York teams, and in Philadelphia the Schuylkill Navy, but in the last two seasons they seem to have been following in the footsteps of some of their track athletic brethren, for the championship of the year was not awarded because the teams had transgressed the amateur rules. It is to be hoped that next year these clubs will put good clean teams in the field, and let us keep what little there is left of the game at least pure.

The prospects at Lehigh are good for next season. Many of the old men are back, and the game promises to be popular enough to divide honors with baseball and football. At Lehigh lacrosse has been found to be the best means of keeping football men in condition during the spring term, and it is difficult to understand why the larger colleges have not made use of this engaging game. It is fascinatingly interesting to the men, a wonderful developer of wind, and only needs a better appreciation of its worth to take its place beside football as a distinctly college game.

As played now lacrosse requires the greatest combination of mental and physical activity that men can sustain in recreation. Head, speed, and endurance are required, and for this reason first-class players are scarce. It is a cheap game, by no means exclusive, for every player has his innings, and a good player cannot be kept down. Every one has his opportunity, and enough exercise can be had in half an hour to last throughout the day. The training for the game is simple, and it is one of the easiest of all games to master. There are not those intricate plays and rulings as in football, and teams may be formed in districts removed from sport centres, and coached by any intelligent captain who will study the rules carefully, and practise his men assiduously in such points as handling the ball on the cross, throwing, catching, and checking, as well as sudden stopping while at speed, and turning instantly to right or left and dashing off. Of course it goes without saying that team-work in this, as in every other up-to-date game, is one of its most essential requirements.





The modern game has twelve men on a side, with goals a hundred and twenty-five yards apart, and goal-poles six feet high, with six feet space between. The game is begun by facing the ball, which bears no resemblance to the old method of throwing it into the air for a general scramble. The two "centres" are the men who open the contest by facing the ball (see illustration), and these two players acquire as much skill in this position as do the centre rushers of the football eleven. Whichever one of them succeeds in getting the ball runs with it towards the opponents' goal, aided by his own men. When threatened by an opposing player he throws the ball to one of his men, who in turn runs, or may throw it at the opponents' goal, where the goal-keeper catches and sends it back down the field, when the struggle goes on over again, and so on until one side scores, when it is "faced" for another start.

There is, too, the same pairing off of men as in football, and—except in a general *mêlée*, where a crisis brings the men in a general scramble for possession of the ball—these couples keep their relative positions. The strongest and most trustworthy men are placed in front of the goal, one of them being goal-keeper, and their entire work is defensive. The lighter and speedier men are sent across into the opponents' territory and form the attacking party. Two halves are played of thirty to forty-five minutes each, at the end of which there are ten minutes' intermission and the goals are changed.

The training of men is of the greatest importance. They should never be given too much work, for especially in lacrosse does the player need all the dash and vinegar in his composition. Apropos of lacrosse training, it is my candid opinion that our college football elevens have always been trained on a theory that has not got out of them their utmost work. To send them at it early and late has been the motto of Harvard, Yale, and, until last year, of Princeton, and they have been worked until practically all the life and ginger were gone out of them. Last year Princeton put common-sense into her training, and the result was apparent in the superior dash and snap in her game against Yale. It is very likely, and it certainly is to be hoped, we shall see Princeton's example followed this year by all the other colleges; certainly it seems a great mistake to work all the life out of men.

Lacrosse is not a difficult game to learn, but it is one in which to excel requires aptitude and long practice. The goal-keeper has the most responsible position on the team, and his ability should equal it. The five men in front of him who constitute the defence should be the heaviest and, altogether, probably the strongest players. If there is any one essential which is more necessary than another to them it is the checking, which is done both by the cross and by the body, excellent illustrations of which are shown by Mr. Heming in his drawings. The men who constitute the attack should always be on the alert for the ball, always anticipating its direction and always covering their individual opponents. These men should be speedy, sure in catching and throwing, and skilful handlers of the cross.

Catching is a particularly important feature, in which every player of the game should become expert, and it is the one point in which the Indians excel especially. Long practice is the only road to success in this feature of the game. Few players, even when they have become fairly experienced, seem to grasp what the skilful throwing of the lacrosse ball is. It is a common mistake of beginners to believe that their duty is well done if the ball is hurled in any direction, so long as it is in a general way towards the enemy's goal. Throwing in no particular direction is, indeed, a failing of men who have played the game long enough to know better. First of all, remember the secret of hard, swift throwing is to start the ball from the lower angle of the cross, and, second, that throwing into one another's cross is the perfection of team-play, and one of the most important parts of the game. If a man cannot learn to throw, he might as well stay out of the game. Don't waste effort by throwing long because it looks pretty, and if you do throw long, don't send a sky-rocket. Look before throwing. It is not enough to throw at your man, but into his cross. I do not know any part of the game that requires so much practice, for there are so many different demands made on a man. There are long and medium throws, short, grounders, and curves, to say nothing about over the head of a man who has checked you. Cultivate a simple and rapid style of using the arms only, and do not hesitate. Bear in mind that checking is more valuable than dodging, and that fielding to one another, instead of trying to shine individually, is the most important feature of all.

It has not been my purpose to enter here into an elaborate description of the game; there are well-written text-books for those who would learn. Primarily my object is to call attention to one of the grandest games in the world, that is being neglected by our colleges and our athletic clubs, and if these few running hints and comments and brief history shall add any new votaries to lacrosse, I shall consider my work well done.

FIVE ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

THERE will be five exploring parties in the arctic regions this season, the largest number ever in that field in one year, except when the circumpolar stations were maintained (1880–82) to make meteorological observations. The mission of two of these parties is to explore and to map almost wholly unknown land areas and coast-lines. The other three will try to attain the north pole, and to tell us of the geographic and other conditions to be found there. The parties are small, in accordance with the theory now generally held that a few well-selected men are better for arctic work than a large force, every man more than is absolutely needed being a source of weakness and danger. Each party will be equipped with the best appliances and material. Only one expedition, that of Dr. Nansen, will run any considerable risks of disaster, and we may expect from these little bands important additions to our knowledge of the arctic regions.

The American flag is at the head of three of these enterprises, while Norway and England send out the other parties. First on the list is Lieutenant R. E. Peary, U. S. N., who saw the sun rise, in the latter part of February, above the hills south of his camp in Inglefield Gulf, Northwest Greenland. We have no reason to doubt that between March 15th and 20th Peary, with eight or nine men and many dogs and sledges, clambered to the top of the ice-cap and fairly started on the journey to the northeast coast of Greenland. Over the lofty surface of the inland ice he must make his way for six hundred and fifty miles before he reaches Independence Bay, where his explorations will begin. He knows more about this sort of sledge-work than any other man, and is perfectly confident he can reach the north coast every time he makes the attempt. Peary's laudable ambition is to fill up the big gaps in our knowledge of North Greenland. At Independence Bay he will divide his men into three parties, one of which will survey the entire northern coast of the mainland. Another party will try to solve the mystery of the lofty rounded islands he saw to the north in 1892. It is likely that they form an archipelago extending for a considerable distance north of the mainland. The third party will travel southeast along the coast to survey the wholly unknown shore-line between Independence Bay and Cape Bismarck, the most northern point reached by the Koldewey expedition in 1870. If Peary completes these coast surveys, all the shore-line of the largest island in the world will then be mapped, except the coast of Melville Bay, in West Greenland, and about two hundred miles of the east coast north of the sixty-seventh parallel.

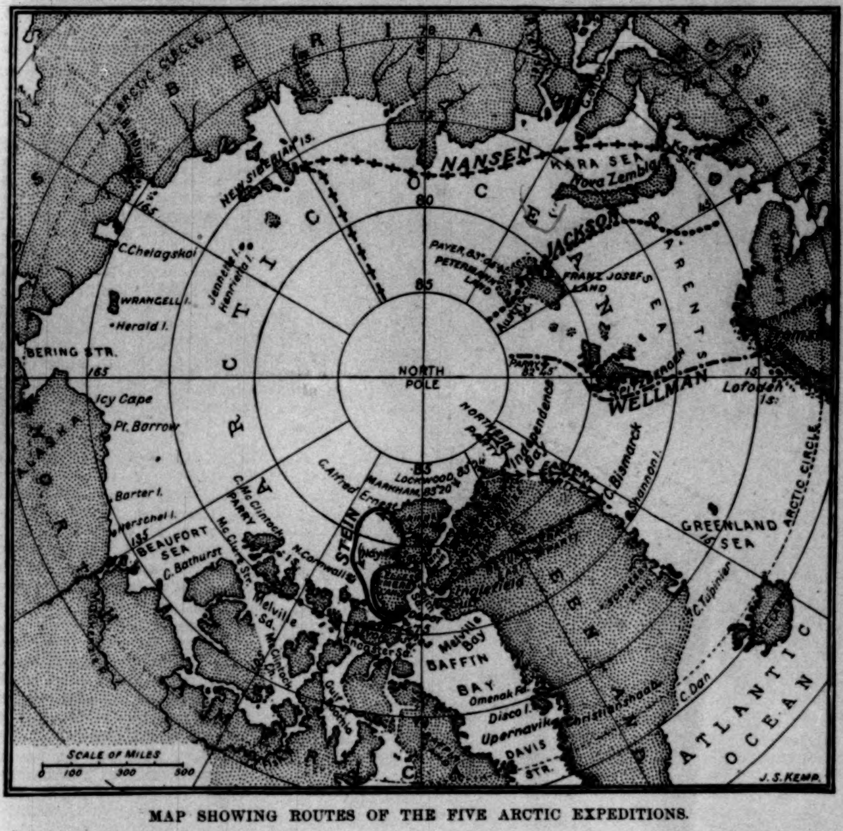
Peary himself will doubtless superintend the survey of the northern islands, a work of special difficulty, unless good sledging is found in the channels separating them. If the ice conditions in the Arctic Sea are at all favorable, two or three men will start towards the pole, and travel as far as they can; but all the parties are to return to Inglefield Gulf early next fall, in time to go home on the steamer that will be sent for them. Peary believes that if he is at all fortunate he can complete this summer all the work there is for him to do in North Greenland. This explorer's qualifications make him an almost ideal leader of an arctic enterprise, and if he has fairly good luck, we may expect to hear next fall of further brilliant achievements by Lieutenant Peary.

Mr. Robert Stein, who for nine years has been in the service of the United States Geological Survey, has chosen a most promising field for the expedition he is organizing. Just west of North Greenland, on the other side of Baffin Bay, is the large mass of Ellesmere Land, virgin ground for the discoverer, for many an explorer has passed it by unnoticed, and we know it only on the eastern and a part of the southern coast fringe. Mr. Stein and nine or ten men will soon go north on a whaler, and build a house on the coast of this land at the entrance to Jones Sound. From this depot a boat and sledge party will start west through the sound and up the west coast. There may be rich geographical prizes here, for nobody knows how far Ellesmere Land may stretch to the west, nor what islands may extend the Parry archipelago further north in that untraversed western sea, nor whether Ellesmere Land is really itself an island, cut off from Grinnell Land on the north by Hayes Sound, as the natives assert. These and various scientific researches will keep the party very busy for eighty days. Then the party will come home, leaving perhaps two or three men at the house to keep up the station and carry on scientific observations until re-enforced in 1895 by a second party, that will begin explorations towards the pole, designed by Mr. Stein to cover a series of years. His plans for this year's work have been approved by the highest authorities. It is understood, however, that Mr. Stein distrusts his ability as a leader of men, and that, with rare self-abnegation, he has chosen to place the command of the party he will take north in the hands of an able young army officer.

The expeditions whose quest is the north pole are entering the arctic area from the Euro-Asiatic side. Dr. Nansen and his little party on the *Fram* left Christiania on June 24th last. He has been heard from only once since he entered the Kara Sea. The natives along Russia's arctic shores have been stimulated by promises of rewards to take to the white settlements any news they may hear of Nansen. The fact that nothing has been heard from him indicates that he succeeded in crossing the Arctic Ocean to the New Siberian islands, where he intended to force his vessel into the ice. Nansen believes a current near these islands moves north across the pole, having its outlet in the polar stream that flows south along Greenland's east coast. He depends upon this current to carry the *Fram* to or near the pole, and then south to the open sea east of Greenland. Nearly every arctic authority believes this venture is one of the most foolhardy ever undertaken, though all admire Nansen for his undoubted pluck and the brilliant work he has already done. While one or two geographers, like Dr. Supan, think Nansen's project is justifiable, most authorities have little faith in his theory of currents, or the ability of his vessel to withstand ice pressure. He is provisioned for five years, and if he loses his vessel he will try to haul his whale-boat over the ice to the open sea.

Frederick G. Jackson's plan, on the other hand, commends itself to every one, for he will take the Franz-Josef Land route, which for years has been in great favor among arctic experts as offering a good chance to reach the pole. A wealthy Englishman has contributed the entire cost of the expedition, which will leave England late in July on a specially built steamer. After landing the six or seven members of the party, late in August, on the south shores of Franz-Josef Land, the vessel will return to England, and the explorers will put up a Russian log house and make themselves as snug as possible for the winter. This camp will be the main depot, from which in the spring the party with dogs and sledges will start north through Austria Sound, following the steps of the Austrians who discovered this land mass, and caching supplies every thirty or forty miles. It has long been thought that beyond Petermann Land, the most northern of these islands yet seen, the archipelago may extend far north, and perhaps to the pole. Jackson hopes that this is the case, and if so he will plant his supply depots along the coast within easy reach of one another. This will, of course, involve a number of journeys to the main supply depot, but Jackson is in no hurry. He will be provisioned for four years, and proposes to take all the time necessary to reach the pole if that elusive goal can be reached by this route. He is not depending, however, upon having land the whole way, and he will have collapsible boats for the navigation of stretches of open water. The advantages of Jackson's plan are that his base of operations is within easy reach of Europe, that he may find an almost continuous coast-line leading far towards the pole, and that, at any rate, he may be able to map the entire Franz-Josef Land region, now only partly known.

For the first time since Parry started for the pole with boats and sledges over the terribly rough sea ice north of Spitzbergen, in 1827, the same route and methods are to be tested this year by Mr. Walter Wellman, an enterprising American journalist. Mr. Wellman and several comrades started early in March for Norway, where a steamer has been engaged to take them to the edge of the arctic ice, landing on the way a depot of supplies on the coast of Northwest Spitzbergen. It would, perhaps, be difficult to improve upon Wellman's equipment. His toboggan sledges, there is little doubt, are most suitable for the ice he will meet, and he has everything that experience suggested to facilitate his journey. About three months after the party have landed the steamer will be at the ice edge again to take them home. If they fail to connect with the steamer they will depend upon their boats to take them to the supply depot established on Spitzbergen, where they will be compelled to winter. At this writing Wellman's enterprise can be regarded only as a dash towards the pole; but when it is recalled that Parry, with a wretched and cumbrous equipment, and before the days of successful arctic sledging, attained by this route a latitude that was not equalled for a half-century later, it will not be very surprising if Wellman makes a high Northing, even though very rough going, and the persistent southern drift of the ice wiping out many of his hard-won miles, are factors against him. CYRUS C. ADAMS.



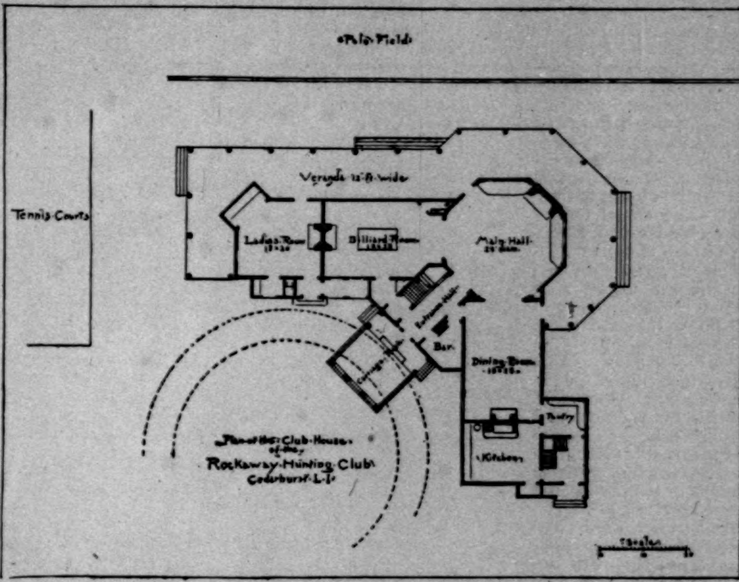
MAP SHOWING ROUTES OF THE FIVE ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

THE ROCKAWAY HUNTING CLUB.

UP to the year 1878 there had been little or no attention given to the "sport of kings" in any of the Northern States, and few attempts had been made in the vicinity of New York to own and maintain a permanent pack of hounds.

Years ago our ancestors had chased Master Reynard across the red soil of New Jersey, and even over the hills of New England; for in Revolutionary times, or at least just prior to the struggle with Great Britain, the life of an American country gentleman was as much like the life he would lead in the mother country as the confines and exigencies of a new land would allow. He had his horses and his dogs, and he loved them and toasted them in true British fashion. Washington himself was a famous rider to hounds.

In the South hunting never fell into decay; they hunted often, rode hard, and developed a breed of fox-hound that for speed, tongue, and nose can give his long-legged brother from across the water points in the game. But "to our muttons." The Rockaway Hunting Club was organized in 1878. The first M. F. H. was Mr. Louis Nelson, one of the first members and organizers of the hunt. He was followed by Mr. John D. Cheever; and shortly afterwards, during the time when Mr. Frank Griswold was Master, a combination was made with the Queens County Hunt. This proved to be most successful. Then in succession Messrs. Farley Clark, John E. Cowdin, and René La Montagne handled the hounds.



Lately the authorities of Queens County have passed a law making it a misdemeanor punishable by fine for any one to let loose a fox within the county limits. It seems that the number of wild foxes has increased, and the farmers have suffered some losses in the poultry-yards. Whether this will interfere with the hunt remains to be proved. Certainly a wild fox runs better and longer than a "bag" one, and there is no greater pleasure than drawing "puss" out of his own cover. If foxes are plenty the hunt is to be congratulated on its country, and the farmers should join in the sport, and be glad of the chance. Every one who has followed polo in this country remembers the team that represented the Rockaway Hunting Club for so many years, composed of men who have helped to make polo popular—Foxhall Keene, John E. Cowdin, J. D. Cheever, and Winthrop Rutherford, clever players, and hard riders also in the hunting-field.

The club has long been known for this crack team, that has so often won the yearly game at Newport, and brought back many trophies to adorn the walls of the club-house. Unfortunately all of these were lost when the old building burned down to the walls in July of last year, and the new structure has risen over the ashes, as it were. The accompanying illustration will give some idea of its appearance. The entrance is to the right of the kennels, and the building forms an L; the *porte-cochère* is at the angle of the two wings, and the wide doors open into a round hallway, from which passages lead to the other parts of the building. The ladies have a wing to themselves. The polo-ground is directly behind the club-house, and the broad piazza makes an excellent reserved stand for watching the game. The building committee expects to have the house open about the middle of June. The designers, Messrs. Austin W. Lord and J. Monroe Hewlett, have given the hunt a beautiful and well-constructed home. The club, however, is not strictly confined to hunting or to a hunting membership; it embraces the advantages of a casino, fine tennis-courts, bowling-alleys, billiard-rooms, and all that can attract the summer resident. The membership is now about one hundred. The officers are: George C. Rand, president; D. L. Haight, vice-president; Newbold T. Lawrence, secretary; René La Montagne, treasurer.

One of the many advantages of Cedarhurst is that it conveys the impression of being far from town, when really it is within easy distance. A member of the club can leave his office and in less than an hour be taking fences after the hounds, playing tennis, or lounging comfortably on the club piazza. J. B.

NIPPED IN THE ICE.

THE suggestion of an ice famine this year, which has just made its appearance in the papers with its accustomed regularity, would find little credence among ocean travellers at this season. Incoming steamers report a redundant superfluity of ice floating about in the North Atlantic, and many of them have been greatly delayed by it; not that they might pick up mid-ocean cargoes to ease the strain in the ice-cream market, but in dodging about among the bergs and floes, that experienced navigators declare are of unusual frequency and size this spring. The passenger steamers are generally taking more southerly routes than usual, and so have to a certain extent avoided the frigid dangers experienced by some of the freighters that have recently arrived. The usual track of west-bound steamers is literally blocked with vast plains and mountains of ice that are bearing down on the Labrador current, and bringing the possibilities of arctic travel almost to our doors.

The *Kansas City* on her last trip this way had to bear away far to the southwest to avoid thirty-four big bergs; and the American clipper-ship *General Knox* sailed along a great ice-field in which the lookout counted thirty-two bergs. These may of course have been the same as those sighted by the *Kansas City*, in which case, however, the statements gain in corroboration what they lose in variety.

The *State of Georgia*, a freight steamship from Aberdeen, struck into an ice-pack off the coast of Newfoundland, that grew more and more compact as she advanced, and the captain was finally compelled to change his course to the eastward, but not before the ice had broken a hole 9×4 feet into the fore-peak of his vessel. This rendered advance in the heavy ice extremely dangerous, and the ship was compelled to drift with the pack while the captain strengthened the collision bulkhead with chain cable, and with the aid of the carpenter constructed a collision mat to prevent the hole, which was large enough already, from spreading under the pressure of the ice. Two timbers, nine feet long, served as a foundation, and across these were nailed four-foot lengths of two-and-a-half-inch plank. The face of the mat was covered with oakum; and the contrivance was held in place over the hole by chain cables passed completely under the ship's keel, hauled taut, and made fast to the deck on either side. A smaller mat was fitted over a smaller hole on the port-bow, and with her nose thus protected the vessel pushed her way into open water, only to have her defences torn off by the high seas which unrestrainedly poured into the yawning apertures every time she took a header into a wave, and poured out again in cataracts every time she rose to meet another. Fortunately the collision bulkhead proved strong, and the steamship finished her voyage without further mishap, and no more plates were ripped from the bow.

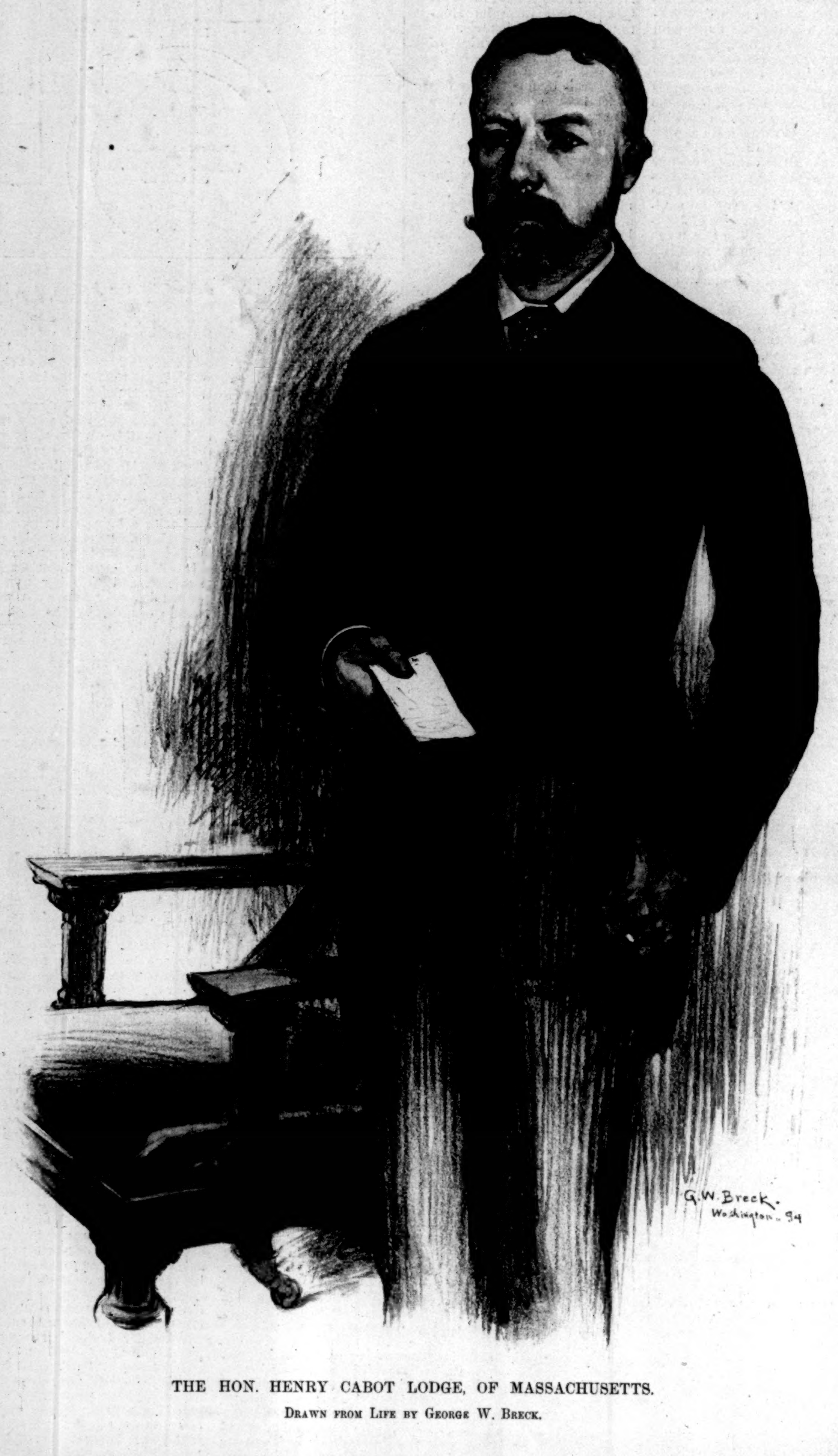
The ice is likely to increase rather than to diminish in the Atlantic for the present, but steamers about to sail from the other side will doubtless take warning from the ships lately arrived, and follow the more southerly course of the liners while this unusually large quantity of ice is floating about in the wonted paths of west-bound shipping.

HENRY CABOT LODGE.

SENATOR HENRY CABOT LODGE was born in Boston on May 12, 1850. He graduated at Harvard in 1871, and was then brought face to face with the problem which is so often found insoluble by Americans who do not have to work for their living, and from whom therefore their fellow-countrymen have a right to expect that unremunerative work which must be done by some one, if the well-being of the nation is ever to be more than merely material. It is perhaps not particularly to Mr. Lodge's credit that he neither took up a career of mere amusement, on the one hand, nor of dilettante scholarship on the other, any more than it is to the credit of an undergraduate with good muscles and stout heart that he takes naturally to manly exercises. Mr. Lodge was fortunate enough to be, not merely by birth, but in all his instincts, feelings, and associations, an American. He was therefore free from the temptations which beset a man who, whether he has passed through college or not, has no education, in the proper sense of the term, and who has too little imagination to appreciate the intolerable dulness of a life devoted merely to the pursuit of pleasure. Nor was he in any danger of falling into the pit always ready digged for the refined, over-educated, sensitive man of weak fibre and no productive power, who basks in literature and in art, in culture and in refinement, merely as a cat basks in sunshine, and who very properly takes up his abode in Europe, because he is utterly useless at home. There are great prizes to be won in American life, but they are not open to the man who fails to perceive how far more honorable it is to belong to the smallest legislative assembly in the land than to the most exclusive social club. They are not open to the man whose scholarship has in it nothing creative. Finally, they are not open to those who simply criticise the deeds of others, but themselves do nothing.

When Mr. Lodge left college, then, he had to solve the problem of how to lead a useful life as an American citizen whose tastes and principles inclined him to some form of public work, that is, to some form of work devoted to the interests of the commonwealth. For several years he devoted himself more particularly to literary labor, and, among other things, edited the *North American Review* in company with Henry Adams. He took an active interest in politics, but only as an outsider, until 1879, when he ran for the Legislature, from Nahant, and was elected to the Lower House. The next year he was re-elected.

These two years' training in the active work of politics and of constructive legislation in the governing body of one of our States were invaluable. There is a great deal of nonsense talked about the necessity of having business men, or citizens "who are not politicians," in politics. Using "politician" in the proper sense, it is absolutely impossible to get good political work out of anybody who is not a politician, and the business man untrained in politics is just as useless in political life as a politician with no training in business is in business life. Much good has been, and yet will be, done by men who act entirely outside of any political organization, using the word in its ordinary acceptation, and many great reforms have been started by men who got together for one special object, and who were not themselves in active politics. Nevertheless, in the long run the real work of government must be done by the men who are in active politics—the men who control the caucus, the primary, the nominating convention, and who fill the legislative and executive governmental positions. It is very pleasant, and it is sometimes very useful, to try to do one's political work solely by associating with high-minded honorable men who sincerely wish well to their country, but who keep aloof from what they call "practical politics." Nevertheless, this is not the work which really counts most in the end. The actual output of legislative and executive action is to be credited mainly to the men who do not deal merely with the educated few, but who go down into the arena where all citizens stand on the same plane, and by sheer force of will-power, tenacity, ability, and downright courage and resolution hold their own in the turmoil. These are the men who organize victory in the caucus and know how to get out the vote in their wards, the men who are able to make arguments that will appeal to the average man and insure his support, and are able to lead that average man in the right direction. These are the men who sit week in and week out and month in and month out in committee-rooms shaping the bills that are afterwards criticised at leisure by the stay-at-homes, who would be powerless themselves to originate any measure whatsoever. They are the men who are able to hold their own in the rough and tumble of legislative debate, and who know how to take punishment without flinching, and to administer punishment too, when it is necessary.



THE HON. HENRY CABOT LODGE, OF MASSACHUSETTS.

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY GEORGE W. BRECK.

Mr. Lodge could have accomplished nothing without this preliminary training in caucus and primary, and as a delegate to county, State, and national conventions; and he was destined to receive the additional benefit of a punishing, up-hill fight, where disaster alternated with success, before he finally won his spurs. After his two terms in the Lower House of the Massachusetts Legislature he ran for the State Senate in 1881, and was defeated. In 1882 he tried for the nomination for Congress, and was defeated. In 1883 he took part in the most important campaign that Massachusetts has ever seen, so far as State matters are concerned, managing the successful Republican fight against the re-election of Governor Butler. This was his first great success—the first occasion on which he was able to show that he had a right to be considered a man of some weight in politics. The following year the nomination for Congress was given him unanimously, but after a hard struggle he was defeated at the polls by a very small majority. By this time he was secure in his hold on the party organization, and was looked up to already by the great mass of Massachusetts Republicans who were not mere machine politicians as one of their natural leaders.

Throughout these years of hard political work, during which he won nothing save at the cost of the roughest fighting and of repeated repulses, he nevertheless found time to do valuable historical and literary work, publishing various essays on literary, social, and political questions, and writing the lives of Hamilton and of Webster for the "American Statesmen Series." Mr. Lodge is a trained historical scholar, and there is small cause for wonder that under such circumstances his books should not smell of the lamp. He writes of the great American statesmen who form his themes with a hearty understanding and sympathy not attainable by any one who has not been in active political life. Mr. Lodge had been endeavoring, in the field of practical politics, where the men of whom he wrote had won such signal successes, to carry out the very ideas for which they had battled. His volumes naturally ranked among the highest of all those of the series. Among his essays there was one on colonialism which made a telling hit, being a plea for robust Americanism in thought and action, whether political, literary, or social.

In 1886 Mr. Lodge was again nominated, and this time was elected as a member of the Fiftieth Congress. Success came to him not as an accident, but as the reward of stubborn, resolute effort through a course of years. He entered Congress equipped both by practical experience and by wide and deep study of history, politics, and economics. Naturally he rose rapidly in a body where no man can rise save by the exercise of abilities of more than the common order.

From the stand-point of the man of mere culture much criticism can justly be levelled at the American Congress, and there are points where it often fails signally in doing its duty. The members very frequently fail to appreciate the importance of any question which is not merely material, and they often show great short-sightedness in dealing with questions of far-reaching national importance. They are often narrow men, and many of them are susceptible to demagogic influences. Nevertheless, no man can meet the big-bodied, heavy-jawed, keen-eyed men who shape the work on the floor and in the committee-rooms of the Upper and the Lower Houses without being impressed by their great power. It would be strange if they were not men of power. They have won their leadership by the hardest kind of political fighting, in contest with rivals who do not represent, as in aristocratic governments, a small caste merely, but who are drawn anywhere from the ranks of the whole people. The process of natural selection is of course very severe when the survivor must be one out of so many. The man who can win and hold his seat in Congress long enough to become a leader in the House or Senate may not be very amiable or very refined, may not always be (although he generally is) very moral or broadly patriotic, but he is sure to be a man of marked ability and great power, able to hold his own with all comers in the rough and tumble of political life. In all the country there is no body of men so able and so powerful as the group of Congressional leaders on both sides. No man can become one of them without proving his ability to hold his own as a man amongst men.

Mr. Lodge was re-elected to the famous Fifty-first Congress, and was the right-hand man of Thomas B. Reed in the struggle which resulted in the latter's election to the Speakership. No legislative body for the last quarter of a century has rendered such a service to the cause of representative government as the Fifty-first Congress. No man has rendered so much service to this cause as the Speaker of that Congress, Mr. Reed. It was Mr. Lodge's good fortune to be one of the leaders of that Congress, and one of the most prominent supporters of Mr. Reed. He was re-elected to the Fifty-third Congress, and was then chosen Senator from Massachusetts.

Mr. Lodge is a strong party man. He could not have risen to his present position had he not been. But some of the best service he has rendered has been on non-party questions. Too many public men are unable to consider even such matters as the reform of the civil service, the passage of an international copyright bill, or the upholding and extension of the navy save from a partisan stand-point; but Mr. Lodge is incapable of taking such a position. He upholds the civil service law, and shows himself to be perhaps its most effective champion under Republican as well as under Democratic administrations. No matter which party is administering the law, he can always be relied on strenuously to exert himself to see that ample means are provided for its administration, and that its scope is extended as far as possible. So with the navy. He champions it with equal zeal, whether the head of the department be Whitney, Tracy, or Herbert. If there are two questions which should appeal to every patriotic and intelligent American they are the purification of the civil service and the upbuilding of a great navy which shall place the United States in her proper position as a sea power; and there are very few of our public men indeed whose attitude upon these questions has been always both so intelligent and so sincerely patriotic as Mr. Lodge's. Moreover, it should not be forgotten that he was one of the three or four men who did most to secure the passage of the international copyright law. Yet during these years of exciting and engrossing political work at the national capital he found time to write a life of Washington, which at once took its place among the few standard biographies of American statesmen.

Mr. Lodge is a telling speaker, both on the stump and in the halls of the National Legislature. He is a good parliamentarian and a hard-working committeeman. He has proved his worth, not merely in helping lead in opposition, but in constructive work when his party was in power. Very few publicists rank with him as a writer upon political and historical questions, both of the past and the present. Somewhere Pliny the Younger says, "Equidem beatos puto, quibus deorum munere datum est, aut facere scribenda, aut legenda scribere; beatissimos vero quibus utrumque." It has been Mr. Lodge's good fortune both to do deeds that are worth recording, and to write books that are worth reading.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

PEMBROKE.[*]

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "JANE FIELD," "A HUMBLE ROMANCE, AND OTHER STORIES," "A NEW ENGLAND NUN, AND OTHER STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

AFTER a while the village people ceased to have the affairs of Barney Thayer and Charlotte Barnard particularly upon their minds. As time went on and nothing new developed in the case, they no longer dwelt upon it. Circumstances, like people, soon show familiar faces, and are no longer stared after and remarked. The people all became accustomed to Barney living alone in his half-furnished house season after season, and to Charlotte walking her solitary maiden path. They seldom spoke of it among themselves. Sometimes when a stranger came to town they pointed out Barney and Charlotte as they would have any point of local interest.

"Do you see that house?" a woman bent on hospitable entertainment would say, as she drove a matronly cousin from another village down the street—"the one with the front windows boarded up, without any step to the front door? Well, Barney Thayer lives there all alone. He's old Caleb Thayer's son—all the son that's left; the other one died. There was some talk of his mother's whippin' him to death—she died right after—but they said afterwards that she didn't; that he run away one night an' went slidin' down hill, an' that was what killed him; he'd always had heart trouble. I dun'no'; I always thought Deborah Thayer was a pretty good woman; but she was pretty set. I guess Barney takes after her. He was goin' with Charlotte Barnard years ago—I guess 'twas as much as nine or ten years ago now—an' they were goin' to be married. She was all ready, weddin'-dress an' bonnet an' everything; an' this house was 'most done, an' ready for them to move into; but one Sunday night Barney he went up to see Charlotte, an' he got into a dispute with her father about the 'lection, an' the old man he ordered Barney out of the house, an' Barney he went out, an' he never went in again—couldn't nobody make him. His mother she talked; it 'most killed her; an' I guess Charlotte said all she could; but he wouldn't stir a peg. He went right to livin' in his new house; an' he lives there now; he ain't married, an' Charlotte ain't. She's had chances too. Squire Payne's son, he wanted her bad."

The visiting cousin's mild interrogatory face peered out around the black panel of the covered wagon at Barney's poor house; her spectacles glittered at it in the sun. "I want to know!" she said, with the expression of strained, entertained amiability which she wore through her visit.

When they passed the Barnard house the Pembroke woman partly drew rein again; the old horse meandered in a zigzag curve, with his head lopping. "That's where Charlotte Barnard lives," she said. Suddenly she lowered her voice. "There she is now, out in the yard," she whispered.

Again the visiting cousin peered out. "She's good-lookin', ain't she," she remarked, cautiously viewing Charlotte's straight figure and fair face as she came toward them out of the yard.

"She ain't so good-lookin' as she used to be," rejoined the other woman. "I guess she's goin' down to her aunt Sylvy's—Sylvy Crane as was. She married Richard Alger awhile ago, after she'd been goin' with him over twenty year. He's fixed up the old Crane place. It got dreadful run down, an' Sylvy she actually set out for the poorhouse, an' Richard he stopped Jonathan Leavitt—he was carryin' of her over there—an' he brought her home, an' married her right off. That brought him to the point. Sylvy lives on the old road; we can drive round that way when we go home, an' I'll show you the place."

When they presently drove down the green length of the old road, the visiting cousin spied interestedly at Sylvia's house, and Sylvia's own delicate profile frilled about with lace, drooping like the raceme of some white flower in one of the windows.

"That's her at the window," whispered the Pembroke woman, "an' there's Richard out there in the bean-poles." Just then Richard peered out at them, from the green ranks of the beans, at the sound of their wheels, and the Pembroke woman nodded, with a cough.

They drove slowly out of the old road into the main travelled one, and presently passed the old Thayer house. A woman's figure fled hurriedly up the yard, into the house, as they approached. There was a curious shrinking look about her as she fled; her very clothes, her muslin skirts, her light barége shawl, her green bonnet, seemed to slant away before the eyes of the two women who were watching her.

The Pembroke woman leaned close to her cousin's ear, and whispered with a sharp hiss of breath. The cousin started, and colored red all over her matronly face and neck. She stared with a furtive shamed air at poor Rebecca hastening into her house. The door closed after her with a quick slam.

It was always to Rebecca, years beyond her transgression, admitted ostensibly to her old standing in the village, as if an odor of disgrace and isolation still clung to her, shaken out from her every motion, from the very folds of her garments. It came in her own nostrils wherever she went, like a miserable emanation of her own personality. She always shrank back lest others should notice it, and she always would. She particularly shunned strangers. The sight of a strange woman clothed about with utter respectability and strictest virtue intimidated her beyond her power of self-control, for she always wondered if she had been told about her, and realized that if she had, her old disgrace had assumed in this new mind a hideous freshness.

After the door had slammed behind Rebecca the two women drove home, and the guest was presently feasted on company fare for supper, and all these strange tragedies and histories to which she had listened had less of a savor in her memory than the fine green tea and the sweet cake on her tongue. The hostess, too, did not have them in mind any longer; she pressed the plum cake and hot hiscuits and honey on her cousin, in lieu of gossip for entertainment. The stories were old to her, except as she found a new listener to them, and they had never had any vital interest for her. They had simply made her imagination twang pleasantly, and now they could hardly stir the old vibrations.

It seemed sometimes as if their hard story must finally grow old, and lose its bitter savor to Charlotte and Barney themselves. Sometimes Charlotte's mother looked at her inquiringly, and said to herself, "I don't believe she ever thinks about it now." She told Cephas so, and the old man nodded. "She's a fool if she does," he returned, gruffly.

Cephas had never told anybody how he had gone once to Barney Thayer's door, and there stood long, and delivered himself of a strange harangue, wherein the penitence and desire for peace had been thinly veiled by a half wild and eccentric philosophy, but the gist of which had been the humble craving for pardon of an old man, and his beseeching that his daughter's lover, separated from her by his own fault, should forget it, and come back to her.

"I haven't got anything to say about it," Barney had replied, and the old man had seemed to experience a sudden shock and rebound, as from the unexpected face of a rock in his path.

However, he still hoped that Barney would relent and come. The next Sunday evening he had himself laid the parlor fire all ready for lighting, and hinted that Charlotte should change her dress. When nobody came he looked more crestfallen than his daughter. She suspected, although he never knew it.

Charlotte had never learned any trade, but she had a reputation for great natural skill with her needle. Gradually as she grew older she settled into the patient single-woman position as assister at feasts instead of participator. When a village girl of a younger generation than herself was to be married, she was in great demand for the preparation of the bridal outfit and the finest needle-work. She would go day after day to the house of the bride-elect, and sew from early morning until late night upon the elaborate quilts, the dainty linen, and the fine new wedding-gowns.

She bore herself always with a steady cheerfulness. Nobody dreamed that this preparing others for the happiness which she herself had lost was any trial to her. Nobody dreamed that every stitch which she set in wedding-garments took painfully in a piece of her own heart, and that not from envy. Her faithful needle as she sewed seemed to keep her old wounds open like a harrow, but she never shrank. She saw the sweet foolish smiles and blushes of happy girls whose very wits were half astray under the dazzle of love; she felt them half tremble under her hands as she fitted the bridal gowns to their white shoulders, as if under the touch of their lovers.

They walked before her, and met her like doppelgängers, wearing the selfsame old joy of her own face; but she looked at them unswervingly. It is harder to look at the likeness of one's joy than at one's old sorrow, for the one was dearer. If Charlotte's task, whereby she earned her few shillings, had been the consoling and strengthening of poor forsaken jilted girls, instead of the arraying of brides, it would have been a happier and easier one.

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[*] Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1933.

But she sat sewing fine even stitches by the light of the evening candle, hearing the soft murmur of voices from the best rooms, where the fond couples sat, smiling like a soldier over her work. She pinned on bridal veils and flowers, and nobody knew that her own face instead of the bride's seemed to smile mockingly at her through the veil.

She was much happier, although she would have sternly denied it to herself, when she was watching with the sick, and putting her wonderful needle-work into shrouds; for it was in request for that also.

Except for an increase in staidness and dignity, and a certain decorous change in her garments, Charlotte Barnard did not seem to grow old at all. Her girlish bloom never faded under her sober bonnet, although ten years had gone by since her own marriage had been broken off.

Barney used to watch furtively Charlotte going past. He knew quite well when she was helping such and such a girl get ready to be married. He saw her going home, a swift shadowy figure, after dark, with her few poor shillings in her pocket. That she should go out to work filled him with a fierce resentment. With a childish and masculine disregard for all except bare actualities, he could not see why she need to, why she could not let him help her. He knew that Cephas Barnard's income was very meagre, that Charlotte needed her little earnings for the merest necessaries, but why could she not let him give them to her?

Barney was laying up money. He had made his will, whereby he left everything to Charlotte, and to her children after her if she married. He worked very hard. In summer he tilled his great farm; in winter he cut wood.

The winter of the tenth year after his quarrel with Charlotte was a very severe one, full of snow-storms and fierce wind, and bitterly cold. All winter long the swamps were frozen up, and men could get into them to cut wood. Barney went day after day, and cut the wood in a great swamp a mile behind his house. He stood from morning until night hewing down the trees which had gotten their lusty growth from the graves of their own kind. Their roots were sunken deep among and twined about the very bones of their fathers, which helped make up the rich frozen soil of the great swamp. The crusty snow was three feet deep; the tall blackberry vines were heaped with snow, set fast at either end like swans; it was hard work making one's way through them. The snow was over the heads of those dried weeds which did not blow away in the autumn, but staid on their stalks with that persistency of life that outlives death; but all the sturdy bushes which were almost trees, the swamp-pinks and the wild roses, waxed gigantic, lost their own outlines, and stretched out farther under their loads of snow.

Barney hewed wood in the midst of this white tangle of trees and bushes and vines, which were like a wild dumb multitude of death-thongs pressing ever against him, trying to crowd him away. When he hit them as he passed they swung back in his face with a semblance of life. If a squirrel chattered and leaped between some white boughs, he started as if some dead thing had come to life, for it seemed like the voice and motion of death rather than life.

Half a mile away at the right other wood-cutters were at work. When the wind was the right way he could now and then hear the strokes of their axes and a shout. Often, as he worked alone, swinging his axe steadily, with his breath in a white cloud before his face, he amused himself miserably, as one might with a bitter sweetmeat, with his old dreams.

He had no dreams in the present; they all belonged to the past; and he dreamed them over as one sings over old songs. Sometimes it seemed quite possible that they still belonged to his life, and might still come true.

Then he would hear a hoarse shout through the still air from the other side of the swamp, and he would know suddenly that Charlotte would never wait in his home yonder while he worked, and welcome him home at night.

The other wood-cutters had families. They had to pass his lot on their way out to the open road. Barney would either retreat farther among the snowy thickets, or else work with such fury that he could seem not to see them as they filed past.

Often he did not go home at noon, and ate nothing from morning until night. He cut wood many days that winter when the other men thought the weather too severe, and sat huddled over their fires in their homes, shoving their chairs this and that way at their wives' commands, or else formed chewing and gossiping rings within the glowing radius of the red-hot store stove.

"See Barney Thayer goin' 'cross lots with his axe as I come by," one would say to another, rolling the tobacco well back into his grizzled cheek.

"Works as if he was possessed," was the reply, in a half-inarticulate gruff murmur.

"Well, he can if he wants to," said still another. "I ain't goin' to work out-doors in any such weather as this for nobody, not if I know it, an' I've got a wife an' eight children, an' he 'ain't got nobody." And the man cast defiant eyes at the great store windows, dim with thick blue sheaves of frost.

On a day like that Barney seemed to be hewing asunder not only the sturdy fibres of oak and hemlock, but the terrible sinews of frost and winter, and many a tree seemed to rear itself over him threatening stiffly like an old man of death. Only by fierce contest, as it were, could he keep himself alive. But he had a certain delight in working in the swamp during those awful arctic days. The sense that he could still fight and conquer something, were it only the simple destructive force of nature, aroused in him new self-respect.

Through snow-storms Barney plunged forth to the swamp and worked all day in the thick white slant of the storm, with the snow heaping itself upon his head and his bowed shoulders.

People prophesied that he would kill himself, but he kept on day after day, and had not even a cold until February. Then there came a south rain and a thaw, and Barney went to the swamp and worked two days knee-deep in melting snow. Then there was a morning when he awoke as if on a bed of sharp knives, and lay alone all day and all that night, and all the next day and that night, not being able to stir without making the knives cut into his vitals.

Barney lay there all that time, and his soul became fairly bound into passiveness with awful fetters of fiery bone and muscle; sometimes he groaned, but nobody heard him. The last night he felt as if his whole physical nature was knitting about him, and stifling him with awful coils of pain. The tears rolled over his cheeks. He prayed with hoarse gasps, and he could not tell if anybody heard him. A dim light from a window in the Barnard house on the hill shone into the kitchen opposite his bedroom door. He thought of Charlotte as if he had been a child and she his mother. The maternal and protecting element in her love was all that appealed to him then, and all that he missed or wanted. "Charlotte, Charlotte," he mumbled to himself, with his parched quivering lips.

At noon the next day Cephas Barnard came home from the store. He had been down to buy some molasses. When he entered his kitchen he set the jug down on the table with a hard clap, then stood still in his wet boots.

Sarah and Charlotte were getting dinner, both standing over the stove. Sarah glanced at Cephas furtively, then at Charlotte. Cephas never stirred. A pool of water collected around his boots; his brows bent moodily under his cap.

"Why don't you set down, Cephas, an' take off your boots?" Sarah ventured at length, timidly.

"Folks are fools," grunted Cephas.

"I dun'no' what you mean, Cephas."

Cephas got the boot-jack out of the corner, sat down, and began jerking off the wet boots, with sympathetic screws of his face.

Sarah stood with a wooden spoon uplifted, eying him anxiously. Charlotte went into the pantry.

"There 'ain't anything happened, has there, Cephas?" said Sarah, presently.

Cephas pulled off the second boot, and sat holding his blue-yarn stocking feet well up from the wet floor. "There ain't no need of havin' the rheumatiz, accordin' to my way of thinkin," said he.

"Who's got the rheumatiz, Cephas?"

"If folks lived right they wouldn't have it."

"You 'ain't got it, have you, Cephas?"

"I 'ain't never had a tech of it in my life except once, an' then 'twas due to my not drinkin' enough."

"Not drinkin' enough?"

"Yes; I didn't drink enough water. Folks with rheumatiz had ought to drink all the water they can swaller. They had ought to drink more'n they eat."

"I dun'no' what you mean, Cephas."

"It stands to reason. I've worked it all out in my mind. Rheumatiz comes on in wet weather, because there's too much water an' damp 'round. Now, if there's too much water outside, you can kind of even it up by takin' more water inside. The reason for any sickness is—the balance ain't right. The weight gets shifted, an' folks begin to topple, then they're sick. If it goes clean over, they die. The balance has got to be kept even if you want to be well. When the swamps are fillin' up with water, and there's too much moisture in the outside air, an' too much pressure of it on your bones an' joints, if you swallow enough water inside it keeps things even. If Barney Thayer had drunk a gallon of water a day, he might have worked in the wet swamp till doomsday an' he wouldn't have got the rheumatiz."

"Has Barney Thayer got the rheumatiz, Cephas?"

Charlotte's pale face appeared in the pantry door.

"Yes; he has got it bad. 'Ain't stirred out of his bed since night before last; been all alone; nobody knew it, till William Berry went in this forenoon. Guess he'd died there if he'd been left much longer."

"Who's with him now?" asked Charlotte, in a quick strained voice.

"The Ray boy is sittin' with him, whilst William is gone to the north village to see if he can get somebody to come. There's a widow woman over there that goes out nussin', Silas said, an' they hope they can get her. The doctor says he's got to have somebody."

"Rebecca can't do anything, of course," said Sarah, meditatively; "he 'ain't got any of his own folks to come, poor feller."

Charlotte crossed the kitchen floor with a resolute air.

"What are you goin' to do, Charlotte?" her mother asked, in a trembling voice.

Charlotte turned around and faced her father and mother. "I shouldn't think you'd ask me," said she.

"You ain't—goin'—over—?"

"Of course I am going over there. Do you suppose I am going to let him lie there and suffer all alone, with nobody to take care of him?"

"There's—the woman—comin'."

"She can't come. I know who the woman is. They tried to get her when Squire Payne's sister died last week. Aunt Sylvy told me about it. She was engaged 'way ahead."

"Oh, Charlotte! I'm afraid you hadn't ought to go," her mother said, half crying.

"I've got to go, mother," Charlotte said, quietly. She opened the door.

"You come back here," Cephas called after her, in a great voice.

Charlotte turned around. "I am going, father," said she.

"You ain't goin' a step."

"Yes, I am."

"Oh, Charlotte! I'll go over," sobbed her mother.

"You haven't gone a step out-doors for a month with your own lame knee. I am the one to go, and I am going."

"You ain't goin' a step."

"Oh, Charlotte! I'm afraid you hadn't better," wailed Sarah.

Charlotte stood before them both. "Look here, father and mother," said she. "I've never gone against your wishes in my life, but now I'm going to. "It's my duty to. I was going to marry him once."

"You didn't marry him," said Cephas.

"I was willing to marry him, and that amounts to the same thing for any woman," said Charlotte. "It is just as much my duty to go to him when he's sick. I am going. There's no use talking, I am going."

"You needn't come home again, then," said her father.

"Oh, Cephas!" Sarah cried out. "Charlotte, don't go, against your father's wishes! Charlotte!"

But Charlotte shut the door and hurried up stairs to her room. Her mother followed her, trembling. Cephas sat still dangling his stocking feet clear of the floor. He had an ugly look on his face. Presently he heard the two women coming down stairs, and his wife's sobbing, pleading voice, then he heard the parlor door shut. Charlotte had gone through the house and out the front door.

Sarah came in sniffing piteously. "Oh, Cephas! don't you be hard on the poor child; she felt as if she had got to go," she said, chokingly.

Cephas got up, went padding softly and cautiously in his stocking feet across the floor to the sink, and took a long drink with loud gulps out of the gourd in the water-pail.

"I don't want to have no more talk about it; I've said my say," said he, with a hard breath, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

Charlotte, with a little bundle under her arm, hastened down the hill. When she reached Barney's house she went around and knocked at the side door. As she went into the yard she could see dimly a white-capped woman's head in a south window of the Thayer house farther down the road, and she knew that Rebecca's nurse was watching her. Rebecca's second baby was a week old, so she could do nothing for her brother.

Charlotte knocked softly and waited. She heard a loud clamping step across the floor inside, and a whistle. A boy opened the door and stood staring at her, half abashed, half impudently important, his mouth still puckered with the whistle.

"Is there anybody here but you, Lamson?" asked Charlotte.

The boy shook his head.

"I have come to take care of Mr. Thayer now," said Charlotte.

She entered, and Lamson Ray stood aside, rolling his eyes after her as she went through the kitchen. He whistled again half involuntarily, a sudden jocular pipe on the brink of motion, like a bird. Charlotte turned and shook her head at him, and he stopped short. He sat down on a chair near the door, and dangled his feet irresolutely.

Charlotte went into the bedroom, where Barney lay, a rigidly twisted, groaning heap under a mass of bedclothing, which Lamson Ray had kept over him with energy. She bent over him.

"I've come to take care of you, Barney," said she.

His eyes, half dazed in his burning face, looked up at her with scarcely any surprise.

Charlotte laid back some of the bedclothes, whose weight was a torture, and straightened the others. She worked about the house noiselessly and swiftly. She was skilful in the care of the sick; she had had considerable experience. Soon everything was clean and in order; there was a pleasant smell of steeping herbs through the house. Charlotte had set an old remedy of her mother's steeping over the fire—a harmless old wives' decoction with which to supplement the doctor's remedies and give new courage to the patient's mind.

Barney came to think that this remedy which Charlotte prepared was of more efficacy than any which the doctor mixed in his gallipots. That is, when he could think at all, and his mind and soul were able to reassert themselves over his body. He had a hard illness, and after he was out of bed he could only sit bent miserably over in a quilt-covered rocking-chair beside the fire. He could not straighten himself up without agonizing pain. People thought that he never would, and he thought so himself. His grandfather, his mother's father, had been in a similar condition for years before his death. People called him to mind, and so did Barney. "He's goin' to be the way his grandfather Emmons was," the men said, in the store. Barney could dimly remember that old figure bent over almost on all-fours like a dog, its wretched, grizzled face turned toward the earth with a brooding sternness of contemplation. He wondered, miserably, where his grandfather's old cane was, when he should be strong enough in his pain-locked muscles to leave his rocking-chair and crawl about in the spring sunshine. It used to be in the garret of the old house. He thought that he would ask Rebecca or William to look for it some day. He hesitated to speak about it. He half dreaded to think that the time was coming when he would be strong enough to move about, for then he was afraid Charlotte would leave him and go home. He had been afraid that she would when he left his bed. He had a childishly guilty feeling that he had perhaps staid there a little longer than was necessary, on that account. One Sunday the doctor had said quite decisively to Charlotte: "It won't hurt him any to be got up a little while to-morrow. It will be better for him. You can get William to come in and help." Charlotte had come back from the door and reported to Barney, and he had turned his face away with a quivering sigh.

"Why, what is the matter—don't you want to be got up?" asked Charlotte.

"Yes," said Barney, miserably.

"What is the matter?" Charlotte said, bending over him; "don't you feel well enough?"

Barney gave her a pitiful, shamed look like a child. "You'll go then," he half sobbed.

Charlotte turned away quickly. "I shall not go as long as you need me, Barney," she said, with a patient dignity.

Barney did not dream against what odds Charlotte had staid with him. Her mother had come repeatedly, and expostulated with her out in the entry when she went away.

"It ain't fit for you to stay here, as if you was married to him when you ain't, and ain't ever goin' to be, as near as I can make out," she said. "William can get that woman over to the north village now, or I can come, or your aunt Hannah would come for a while, till Rebecca gets well enough to see to him a little. She was sayin' yesterday that it wa'n't fit for you to stay here."

"I'm here, and I'm going to stay here till he's better than he is now," said Charlotte.

"Folks will talk."

"I can't help it if they do. I'm doing what I think is right."

"It ain't fit for an unmarried woman like you to be takin' care of him," said her mother, and a sudden blush flamed over her old face.

Charlotte did not blush at all. "William comes in every day," she said, simply.

"I think he could get along awhile now with what William does, an' what we could cook an' bring in," pleaded her mother. "I'd come over every day an' set awhile; I'd jest as leives as not. If you'd only come home, Charlotte. Your father didn't mean anything when he said you shouldn't. He asked me jest this mornin' when you was comin'."

"I ain't coming till he's well enough so he don't need me," said Charlotte. "There's no use talking, mother. I must go back now; he'll wonder what we're talking about," and she shut the door gently upon her mother, still talking.

Her aunt Hannah came, and her aunt Sylvia, quaking with gentle fears. She even had to listen to remonstrances from William Berry, honestly grateful as he was for her care of his brother-in-law.

"I ain't quite sure that it's right for you to stay here, Charlotte," he said, looking away from her, uncomfortably. "Rebecca says— Hadn't you better let me go for that woman again?"

"I think I had better stay for the present," Charlotte would reply.

"Of course—I know you do better for him—than anybody else could, but—"

"How is Rebecca?" asked Charlotte.

"She is getting along pretty well, but it's slow. She's kind of worried about you, you know. "She's had considerable herself to bear. It's hard to have folks—"

William stopped short, his face burning.

"I am not afraid if I know I am doing what is right," said Charlotte. "You tell Rebecca I am coming in to see her as soon as I can get a chance."

One contingency had never occurred to Barney in his helpless clinging to Charlotte. He had never once dreamed that people might talk disparagingly about her in consequence. He had, partly from his isolated life, partly from natural bent, a curious innocence and ignorance in his conception of human estimates of conduct. He had not the same vantage-points with many other people, and indeed in many cases seemed to hold the identical ones which he had chosen when a child and first observed anything.

If now and then he overheard a word of expostulation, he never interpreted it rightly. He thought that people considered it wrong for Charlotte to do so much for him and weary herself, when he had treated her so badly. And he agreed with them.

He thought that he should never stand upright again. He went always before his own mental vision bent over like his grandfather, his face inclined ever downward toward his miserable future.

Still, as he sat after William had gotten him up in the morning, bowed over pitifully in his chair, there was at times a strange look in his eyes as he watched Charlotte moving about, which seemed somehow to give the lie to his bent back. Often Charlotte would start as she met this look, and think involuntarily that he was quite straight, then she would come to her old vision with a shock, and see him sitting there as he was.

At last there came a day when the minister and one of the deacons of the church called and asked to see Charlotte privately. Barney looked at them, startled and quite white. They sat with him quite a long while, when, after many coercive glances between the deacon and the minister, the minister had finally arisen and made the request in a trembling embarrassed voice.

Charlotte led them at once into the unfinished-front parlor, with its boarded-up windows. Barney heard her open the front door to give them light and air. He sat still and waited, breathing hard. A terrible dread and curiosity came over him. It seemed as if his soul overreached his body into that other room. Without overhearing a word, suddenly a knowledge quite foreign to his own imagination seemed to come to him.

Presently he heard the front door shut, then Charlotte came in alone. She was very pale, but she had a sweet exalted look as her eyes met Barney's.

"Have they gone?" he asked, hoarsely.

Charlotte nodded.

"What—did they want?"

"Never mind," said Charlotte.

"I want to know."

"It is nothing for you to worry about."

"I know," said Barney.

"You didn't hear anything?" Charlotte cried out, in a startled voice.

"No, I didn't hear, but I know. The church—don't—think you ought to—stay here. They are—going to—take it—up. I never—thought of that, Charlotte. I never thought of that."

"Don't you worry anything about it." Charlotte had never touched him, except to minister to his illness, since she had been there. Now she went close, and smoothed his hair with her tender hands. "Don't you worry," she said again.

Barney looked up in her face. "Charlotte—"

"What is it?"

"I—want you—to go—home."

Charlotte started. "I shall not go home as long as you need me," she said. "You need not think I mind what they say."

"I—want you to go home."

"Barney!"

"I mean what—I say. I—want you to go—now."

"Not now?"

"Yes, now."

Charlotte drew back; her lips wore a white line. She went out into the front south room, where she had slept. She did not come back. Barney listened until he heard the front door shut after her. Then he waited fifteen minutes, with his eyes upon the clock. Then he got up out of his chair. He moved his body as if it were some piece of machinery outside himself, as if his will were full of dominant muscles. He got his hat off the peg where it had hung for weeks, he went out of the house and out of the yard.

His sister Rebecca was moving feebly up the road, with her little baby in her arms. She was taking her first walk out in the spring sunshine. The nurse had gone away the week before. Her face was clear and pale. All her sweet color was gone, but her eyes were radiant, and she held up her head in her old way. This new love was lifting her above old memories.

She started wonderingly over the baby's little downy head at her brother. "It can't be Barney," she said out loud to herself. She stood still in the road, staring after him, with parted lips. The baby wailed softly, and she hushed it mechanically, her great happy startled eyes fixed upon her brother.

Barnabas went on up the hill to Charlotte Barnard's. The spring was advancing. All the trees were full of that green nebula of life which comes before the blossom. Little wings bearing birds and songs cut the air. A bluebird shone on a glistening fence rail like a jewel on a turned hand. Over across the fields red oxen were moving down plough ridges; the green grass was springing; the air was full of that strange fragrance, which is more than fragrance, since it strikes the thoughts which come in the spring alone, being the very odor thrown off by the growing motion of life and the resurrection.

Barney Thayer went slowly up the hill with a curious gait and strange gestures, as if his own angel were wrestling with himself, casting it off with strong motions as of wings.

He fought, as it were, his way step by step. He reached the top of the hill, and went into the yard of the Barnard house. Sarah Barnard saw him coming, and shrieked out: "There's Barney, there's Barney Thayer comin'. He's walkin'—he's walkin' straight as anybody!"

When Barney reached the door they all stood there, Cephas and Sarah and Charlotte. Barney stood before them all with that noble bearing which comes from humility itself when it has fairly triumphed.

Charlotte came forward, and he put his arm around her. Then he looked over her head at her father. "I've come back," said he.

"Come in," said Cephas.

And Barney entered the house with his old sweetheart and his old self.

THE END.

CARPE DIEM.

THE things to come are bubbles,
  That we have had is ours;
The frosts may doom Hope's dearest bloom,
  But never Memory's flowers.

To-morrow is a maybe,
  But Yesterday has been;
And dear To-day is here to say,
  "Who use me well are men!"

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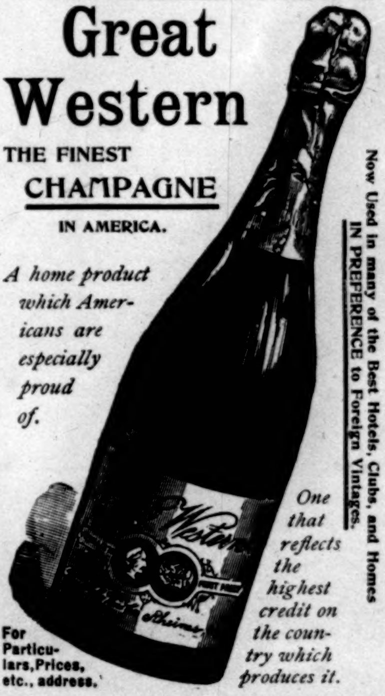

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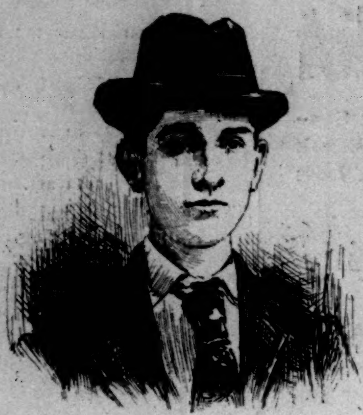
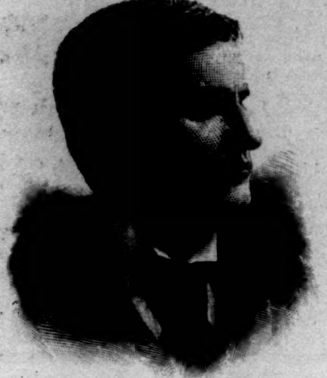
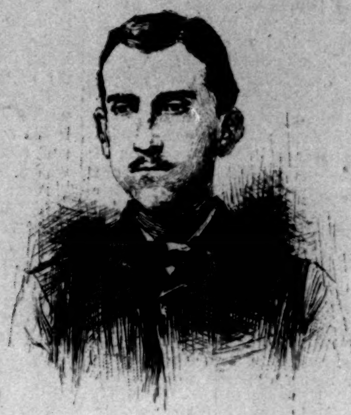


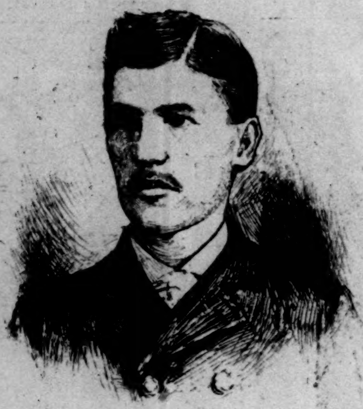
L. S. REDMOND,
Killed.



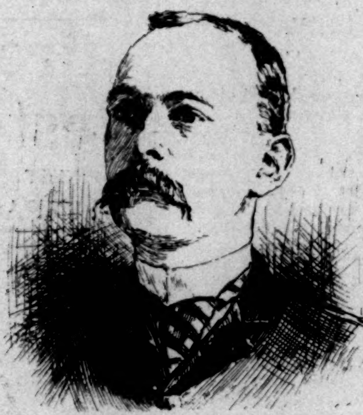
GOVERNOR TILLMAN.



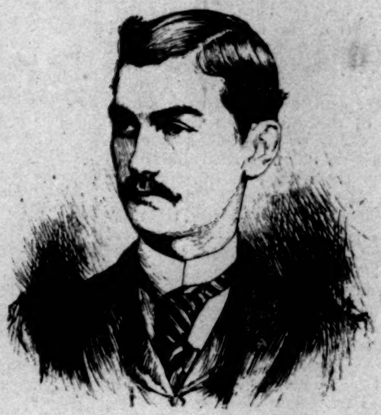
K. D. LUCAS,
Received Five Bullet Wounds.



R. DARGAN,
Chief of Darlington Police, Wounded.



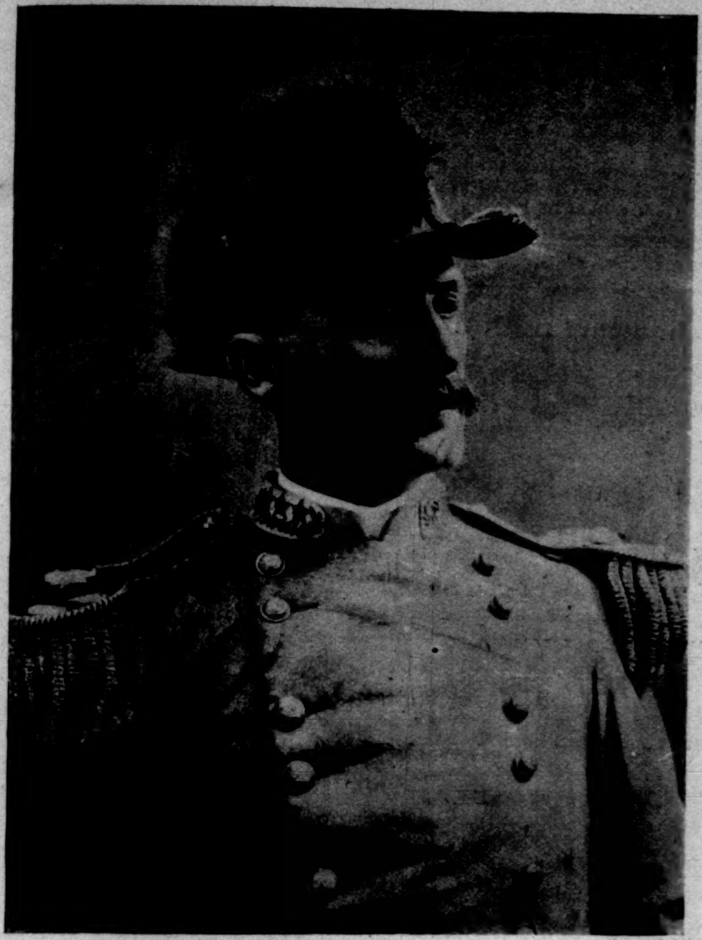
F. E. NORMENT,
Killed.



L. M. NORMENT,
Wounded.

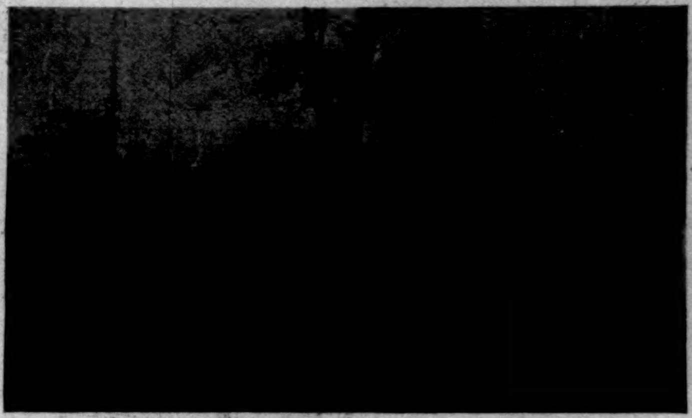
TROOPS IN FRONT OF THE COURT-HOUSE, DARLINGTON.

THE STATE DISPENSARY WAR IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 346.]

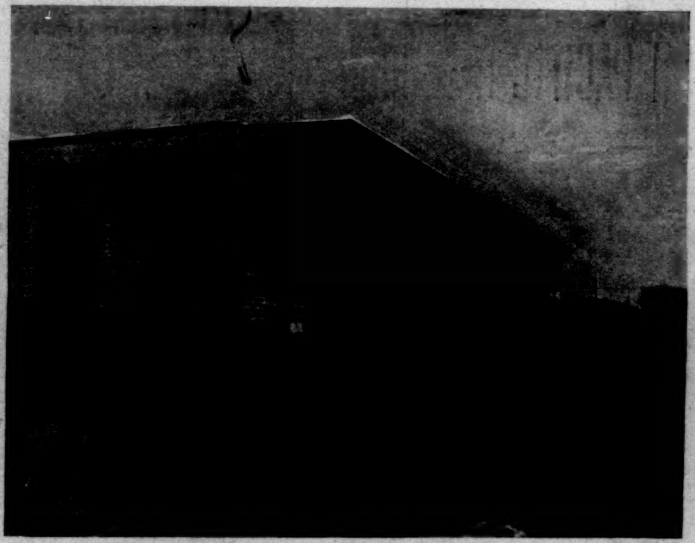


MAJOR-GENERAL R. N. RICHBOURG,
In Command of the State Troops at Darlington.

IN COLUMN OF FOURS.
State Troops in Streets of Darlington.

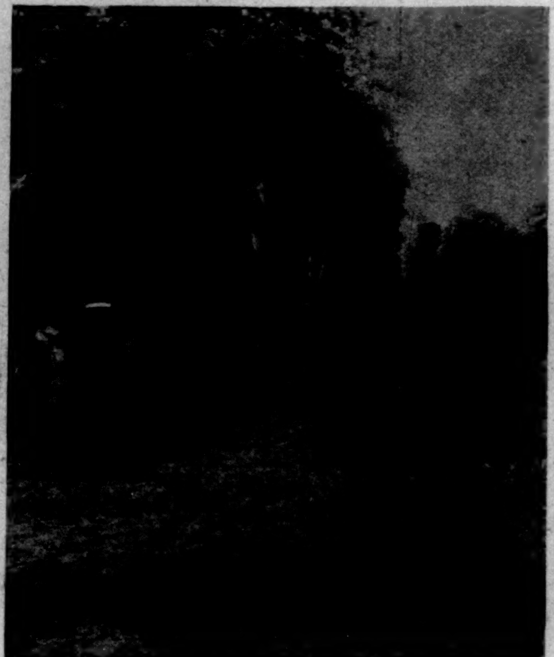


"REST!"
State Troops waiting for Orders, Darlington.

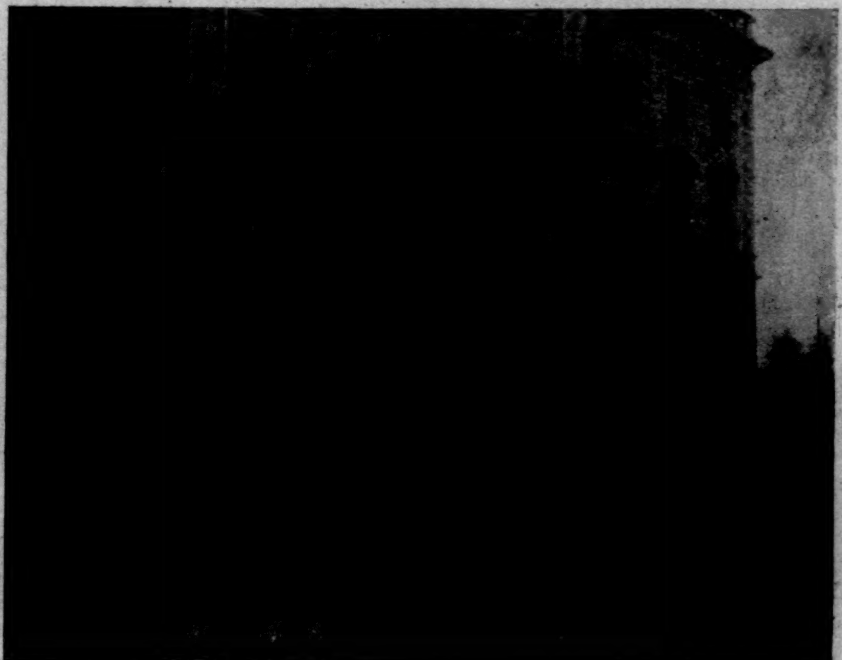


RAILWAY STATION AT DARLINGTON,
Where the Fight took place March 30, 1894.

ROUGH AND READY.
Some of Governor Tillman's Troops, Columbia.



BATTALION FORMATION.
State Troops in Streets of Darlington.



GOVERNOR TILLMAN ADDRESSING THE CROWD.
State House, Columbia, April 3, 1894.

THE STATE DISPENSARY WAR IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 346.]

READING FOR CHILDREN.

ANY question that is discussed by Sorosis becomes interesting because Sorosis has discussed it, if for no other reason. But there usually are other reasons, for Sorosis chooses her topics sagaciously, and always talks about things that are worth while. All families are interested in her topic of April 2d, "Should there be anything in child literature which is not or cannot be true?" The argument centred about the question whether such books as *Alice in Wonderland* and Mr. Lang's assorted fairy tales in solid colors are profitable food for the infant mind, and the discussion brought out sentiments that were of the widest diversity, and yet all edifying, each in its own way.

The reason why wise people can have such opposite convictions about reading fairy tales to children must be that whenever the problem comes up it brings three variables. There are stories like Charles Kingsley's *Water-Babies* that surely you might trust any reader to read to any child; and there are books like *Alice in Wonderland* that most readers may be trusted to read to most children; and there are books like the fairy tales Mr. Lang has collected which some readers may read to some children, but which the prudent parents of over-credulous or imaginative babies may reasonably disallow to be fed indiscriminately into their offsprings' heads. Oatmeal doesn't agree with all children, and there are some, of bilious dispositions, who do not thrive on eggs. So there are some whose repose is harried by Bluebeard, and their peace of mind distorted by Little Red Riding-hood's experiences with wolves. Yet Bluebeard and Red Riding-hood are important people in the nursery, and it would be a great pity to shut them out altogether. There are thrills of delight when Sister Anne sees the dust which

---

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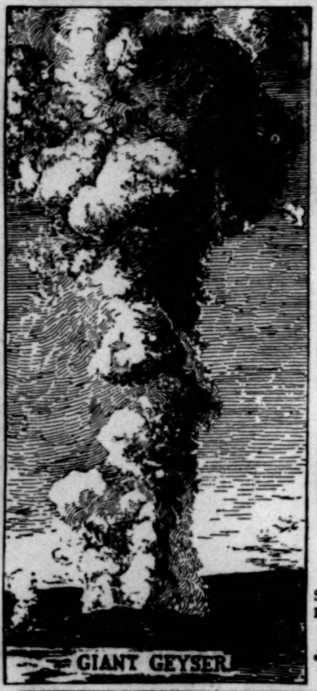

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the brothers make as they come spurring down the highway, which healthy children of suitable age are entitled to experience, and it would not be quite fair to deny to all childish ears the blissful report of the wood-chopper's gun which uses up poor little Red Riding-hood's bogus grandmother.

The reader ought to have sense, and ought to know her child. She should pick and choose when it is necessary, and read only what is likely to agree with her auditor. That may be a good deal to expect of a nursery reader, and if so, it is best to stick to the safe books until the babies get old enough to exercise a discretion of their own. But that does not imply the elimination of imaginative stories altogether. Children who grow up without knowing Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did, and the Ugly Duckling, and Aladdin, and Gulliver, and the folks in Hawthorne's *Wonder-Book*, do not get their rights.

As for Santa Claus—Sorosis discussed him too—it would be a pity to turn that convenient old gentleman out of the nursery merely because he is not a fact. Properly constituted children can "make-believe" as successfully as their elders, and if Santa Claus is wisely and not too positively suggested to them, the transition from believing in him to "making believe" believe in him comes so gently and so early that there is no shock and no accretion of distrust. If there is any one to whom one feels bound to impart the sure truth it is to a little child, yet surely that obligation does not imply the duty of stifling the infant imagination or stunting the sense of humor by relentless exclusion of all that is not matter-of-fact. All facts are included in truth, but all truth does not take the form of facts. So large and so important a share of it is conveyed in the shape of fiction, that a child who got nothing into its head but real facts might easily grow up with a less useful endowment of vital truth than one whose mind had been developed on good stories. There are no better grounds for shutting off all purely imaginative literature from children than from adults. If *Paradise Lost* is good enough reading for grown people, *The Water-Babies* or *The Wonder-Book* is good enough for children. What makes the judicious nursery reader squirm and turn the page is not the Gorgon's snaky head or the fire-breathing Chimera, but the passage in the moral true story, happily of a past generation, which narrates how gentle Lucy was dressed in a white frock, and went in a neat white box to heaven.

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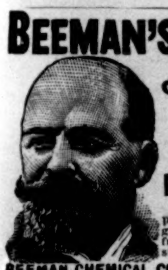

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